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The French Associations Bill and its Authors.

It is doubtless a phenomenon sufficiently remarkable that our countrymen should view with tacit, if not expressed, approval the action taken by the party now in power in France against the religious orders, for not only has that action resulted in inflicting upon thousands of men and women, without even the semblance of a trial, penalties which should unquestionably be reserved for convicted malefactors, but it is, moreover, opposed to the most elementary conception of that liberty which we so jealously guard amongst ourselves, and in the name of which the sympathies of Englishmen are largely enlisted in favour of the republican form of government across the Channel. This attitude is no doubt in part explained by the traditional prejudices which unfortunately are still so wide-spread and so potent, making numbers of excellent people assume as a first principle that whoever assails the Catholic Church must necessarily be in the right; but there can be little question that it is likewise caused by the extremely defective character of the information supplied to us by our journals, all of it drawn from anti-clerical and anti-Catholic sources, so that readers can scarcely be blamed if they carry away a general impression, that—as M. Yves Guyot for example has put it,¹—the Associations Bill is a mere measure of self-defence, forced on Republicans by the unceasing plots and machinations of Jesuits and others, which for thirty years have been so dangerous as to absorb all that attention on the part of successive Governments which ought to have been devoted to promoting the good of the country. Our public has heard nothing on the other side. None of the speeches delivered in the Chambers by opponents of the Bill have, as a rule, been so much as mentioned by our newspapers, nor any of the evidence adduced by these and others as to the absolute groundlessness of such charges as the above, and as to the real motives and influences under which

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 26, 1901.

the Bill came into existence, and underwent the various metamorphoses, which are not the least instructive features of its inconsequent career.

But, if we choose, we can obtain some interesting information on the subject from certain somewhat premature confidences communicated to a representative of the *Daily News*, by "one of the most influential members of the Dreyfus party," when the Rennes court-martial had recently given its verdict, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau had just come into power. In the issue of the paper for October 3rd, 1899, the said representative thus relates what passed :¹

"So the Dreyfus matter is over?" I inquired. "Over!" he said, with astonishment, bounding from his chair. "Good heavens! Do you think we have waged all this campaign . . . to go no further than that? . . . The rehabilitation of the Captain, which we intend to gain, is only an incident. . . . The strife is for far more than that and has objects which reach far beyond. We are decided to go on with it to the end, and we will win the game, too, because we are the stronger, the more intelligent, and the richer party; because we possess an absolute solidarity, and have maintained it and shall maintain it, all through this colossal struggle, *which we have undertaken because we intend to be the masters, and we shall be.* . . . We shall employ all the resources of our wonderful organization to carry on the war between the liberty of education and the religious sects. *We shall take away the right of educating the masses from the priests and the religious bodies, in fact, we will continue the work of the Revolution. . . . We will take from the religious bodies the riches of which they have been so long the possessors,* and, as I say, once for all the rule of militarism." "And the present Government?" I asked. "The actual Government! That is entirely on our side. *We have chosen it. We have made it.* Just wait a little; not very long, I assure you, and you will see the dance resumed."

Two days later (October 5th, 1899) a leading article in the same paper reported, on the authority of the *Paris Soir*, the first whisper of the campaign about to be undertaken against unauthorized associations.

In what form the proposed legislation first saw the light, and how it was by successive emendations transformed, till it was weeded of all provisions which could touch bodies in which those were interested who claimed the administration for their creature, and till, all pretence of political and economic principle being abandoned, the new law was frankly levelled

¹ Here and elsewhere the italics are mine.

against those associations only which take the form of Catholic religious congregations, all this is an interesting study which will claim our attention later on. At present we may confine ourselves to an inquiry as to the objects with which this weapon was forged, and the nature of the alleged abuses which it was intended to remove.

Upon this subject highly instructive information is furnished in the speeches of various opponents of the measure delivered in one or other of the French Chambers, of which, despite their ability and importance, nothing has been heard in our newspapers, and amongst which may be specified those of M. Lamarzelle in the Senate (June 11, 19, and 21, 1901), of the Count de Mun (January 21, 1901), M. Jacques Piou (March 14, 1901), and, very particularly, of M. Prache (March 19 and 20), in the Chamber of Deputies.

The last-named speaker, devoting himself specially to the dark and puzzling subject of Freemasonry, insisted chiefly upon two points. In the first place, he observed, whilst the Government has declared it necessary to take new and stringent precautions against the dangers which may spring from associations having moral and political influence, by far the most active and influential of such bodies, in the political field, is not only to be left untouched by the new law, but is actually to be freed from the restrictions upon its actions which previous legislation had created. Secondly, we learn from evidence the authenticity of which cannot be called in question, that the principles of this body in France, at the present day,—whatever they may have been in the past or may be elsewhere,—are distinctly and deliberately Jacobin and irreligious, and are directed to the overthrow alike of all established institutions and of all belief of any kind in anything beyond the world of sense. A third point, of supreme significance, was added by the members of the Left and Extreme Left, forming the majority, by whose aid, not to say at whose command, M. Waldeck-Rousseau was able to carry his measure; for as the several articles of the Masonic Creed were recited from the tribune, they made these their own by the applause with which they greeted them, applause the more enthusiastic in proportion as the doctrine in question was sweeping and thorough. I shall give in parenthesis, in what follows, the information furnished by the official report as to the manner in which the various items were received when thus exhibited before the Chambers.

But in the first place M. Prache in speaking of the documents upon which he relies conveys a remarkable piece of information,¹ as follows :

"In 1897, the Grand Orient Lodge made known its moral and political principles, which it lays down in a document destined for publicity. Naturally, this is prepared with extremest circumspection : defect or excess are veiled in vague phraseology : but they stand plainly out in the secret documents reserved for the brethren."

M. Maurice Bertheaux (a member of the Left). "But they are printed all the same."

M. Prache. "They are printed : but you forget to deposit them, and you find governments complaisant enough to tolerate your not doing what the law requires. (*Outcries on the Left.*) This is a point which I shall prove, and it will be for you to explain how you come to enjoy a privilege exclusively your own, in spite of the protests of the director of the National Library." (*Interruption on the Left.*)

It was from these esoteric sources that the speaker quoted such information as the following concerning the subjects avowed by French Masons amongst themselves.

In the Masonic Convention of 1897, M. Hubbard spoke thus :

"The republican spirit is inseparable from free-thought, which it is your duty to propagate, for without it the Republic will be, not a noble association of independent consciences, judging every question for themselves, but a herd of subjects, blind, submissive, and docile, beneath the holy-water brush of the priest instead of the sceptre of the monarch. (*Applause on the Left.*) Our great family unhesitatingly requires that the agents of public authority shall obey no other moral authority whatever but that of the Republic." (*Fresh applause.*)

On a similar occasion in November, 1899, and consequently after M. Waldeck-Rousseau's advent to power, the same speaker declared :

"Positive philosophy unites all men of good faith. *The present Ministers are all positivists*, which is the reason that they can all agree on certain points, though of various shades of opinion. If Freemasonry is and remains positivist it will be mistress. We must refashion the mental attitude of the nation." (*Très bien ! très bien ! on the Left.*)

¹ I quote throughout, in the case of all speakers, from the editions of their speeches published, separately for each, by the *Comité général de Défense des Libertés d'Association et d'Enseignement*, 76, Rue des Saints-Pères, Paris.

Similarly in a Masonic Congress at Paris in 1900, M. Marcel Huart thus delivered himself :

"We must entirely recast our [educational] programme, and must in particular tear out that shameful page whereon a divine morality is still prescribed to the schoolmasters of France, whose task it is to teach our budding democrats the A, B, C, of universal democracy." (*Bravo!*)

Still more solemnly, the official orator of the same assembly thus spoke in its name :

"Well, my brethren, a new soul must be breathed into the nation : and it is our task to do the work ; it is their task who have the charge of governing the Republic. We are men of tolerance, of course. We have proved that before and we will prove it constantly again. But in the case of legitimate defence special rights are created : and in presence of a social peril, sentimentalities must give place to the necessities of action. (*Applause.*) Dogma is an instrument of domination and conquest : let us fight against dogma. And the first blow to deal, that which it will feel most, is to stop the supplies. Those who want worship should pay for it. (*Applause.*) As for those who, while their faith keeps its hold, have not the means of treating themselves to such a luxury, it will not be long before they renounce it, and learn very philosophically to do without it, hearing their priests say to them —'No money, no Mass.' The congregations are in conspiracy and form centres of resistance. Let the congregations be dissolved and expelled. (*Loud applause on the Left.*)

"As for education—of all kinds—it should remain, while waiting for something better, the sole monopoly of the secular State. (*Très bien ! très bien !*) State employments, without exception, whether military or civil, ought to be reserved exclusively for the officials and soldiers, who shall give proof not only that they have made their studies, primary, secondary, or higher in secular institutions (*Applause on the Left*), but that their children are in like case. Then will unity be established in the aspirations of our country and peace of mind. (*Très bien ! très bien !*) Then will republicans come to their own again, as they did after the *Seize-Mai* and after Boulangism." (*Applause on the Left.*)

In view of such declarations of policy M. Prache thus continued :

"There then is the philosophic system of Freemasonry. Its hostility is not for dogma alone, but for the teachings of reason as well,—for the idea of God Himself. For tolerance it cares nothing. It desires the moral unity of the country, and to produce that moral unity these are doctrines it would impose. Republicans of the past placed the principle of toleration far above all their own particular aspirations and

interests. They believed that every man should be free to think for himself, and they declared war in the name of liberty of conscience against religious organizations which ventured to burden other men's consciences by calling in the aid of the civil power. It is *you* who now-a-days render yourselves guilty of 'clericalism.' The really clerical Church is that of the *Rue Cadet*.¹

That such a sketch of the creed which it is sought to impose upon all Frenchmen is by no means exaggerated or unfair, is abundantly clear from testimonies similarly adduced by M. Lamarzelle before the Senate. Thus in 1896 M. Combes, then Minister of Public Instruction, speaking at Beauvais, said :

"At an epoch when all ancient beliefs, all more or less absurd, and all erroneous, are tending to disappear, it is in the Lodges that the principles of true morality find an asylum."

Of what nature are these principles we learn from the manifesto of which we have already heard as issued by the "Grand Orient."

"Masonry [declares the document] seeks the origin of the ideas of duty, right and wrong, and justice, neither in pretended divine revelation, nor in philosophical ideas."

And a distinguished member of the same body, M. Fernand Faure, thus developed the thesis, December 5, 1885 :

"I see no necessity of farther insisting before you that we should seek to banish that religious influence which is called clerical. As to clericalism, no manner of doubt or difference of opinion can be entertained. But I go further : I say we must eliminate all the philosophical ideas, or to say better, all the beliefs, which not being grounded upon science, upon the observation of facts, and free reason alone, elude verification or discussion. Such beliefs are in truth a disease of the human mind."

And M. de Lanessan, now a member of the Government and Minister of Marine, summed all up, on occasion of the Solstitial Feast of a Lodge in 1880, in words which I prefer to leave in the original :

"Car nous devons écraser l'infame ; et l'infame, ce n'est pas le clericalisme, c'est Dieu !"

The programme to this effect was thus officially set forth in 1894 by M. Bourceret, Reporter of the propagandist-committee of the Grand Orient :

¹ Where are situated the head-quarters of the Grand Orient Lodge.

"We will rapidly sketch what should be the main lines of masonic propaganda. We would have its action cover the whole ground, and prepare the emancipation of consciences by combating the futile teachings of the Churches, and their influence. Let us labour to ruin clericalism and gradually to sap the spirit of religion. Let us remind those who seem to forget, that the separation of Church and State is our constant aim. And for this end, by the way, let us preach by our example, ourselves in our own families keeping our consciences aloof from Church influences, putting our principles in practice, and shutting out of our houses the priests, whom we desire to expel from civil society." (*Applause on the Left.*)

In 1885 another speaker had laid it down as a principle :

"There must be no half-measures. Men must be against the Church, or against us."

And the expression "the Church" is, as we have seen, to be understood in the largest possible sense. Thus one of the masonic lecturers, M. Pasquier, in 1899 addressed the Lodge called "Les droits de l'homme" :

"In taking for the subject of my lecture the crimes of the Church, it is not my intention to assail Catholicism alone, but religions of every kind (*Très bien ! très bien !*), the spirit of religion itself. Our part should be more extensive and should issue in the total suppression of religion and clericalism of every description." (*Très bien ! très bien !*)

Such, then, are the ideas by which France is to be regenerated, and accordingly it is laid down as a sacred duty for the body whose utterances we are considering to co-operate in the diffusion of these ideas, which is to be effected chiefly in two ways, —by securing the election of their votaries to Parliament, and, as we have already heard, by instilling them into the minds of youth in the process of education. To secure success in the electoral campaign, as M. Prache pointed out in the Chamber, the general body of the electorate not being as yet sufficiently enlightened, and being likely to be repelled by a plain statement of the programme, in the carrying out whereof they are to be induced to bear a hand, the representatives of the Lodges are to practise a prudent system of mental reservation, and to keep in the background those subjects, dearest to their own hearts, which might let the people know too much. Thus, as he tells us,—

"The Lodges spread their doctrine by means of the press, by organizing lectures, and by distributing pamphlets. The organization of the lectures is very remarkable: the Lodges apply to the Grand Orient for a lecturer, who is frequently a counsellor of the Order, or one of the numerous orators whom it is accustomed to send on the mission. . . ."

M. Chauvin (interrupting). "There are no missionaries amongst us. Freemasonry never uses that term."

M. Prache. "I beg your pardon: these are the words used by the Grand Orient, and I am sorry, *M. Chauvin*, that you, who are one of the lecturers in question, should be unacquainted with this. The lecturers, as a rule at least, present themselves, not as being appointed or delegated by the Lodges, not as Freemasons, but as socialists or radicals. A lecture is arranged; the hearers do not suppose it is a Freemason to whom they are listening, and at the Congress of Eastern Lodges held at Lyons in 1896 we learned the reason why.

"Lecturers [it was said] when they present themselves as Freemasons are the object of attacks which must be avoided. We should, therefore, never disclose ourselves, but establish and support the measures we favour in an occult manner. We must not give to the multitude the impression that we are as intolerant a sect, and as much possessed by the spirit of domination, as are our enemies. Our best safeguard and real strength is masonic secrecy carefully preserved. In fine, the masses need an ideal, and if we can provide them with one better than they have at present, it is the part of wisdom to abstain from exhibiting ourselves as a kind of religion.

So, likewise, Parliamentary candidates were required, in a Masonic Convention of the year 1897, to deposit with their several Lodges a written declaration of faith, in which they pledged themselves to support all anti-clerical, socialist, and labour-versus-capital legislation, but the publication of this creed, in such form as it could reach the electors, was not required, the reason being that urged by one of the speakers, *M. Jullien*:

"With such a programme not a single Republican candidate could show his face throughout the country. It is imperatively necessary to present ourselves only as supporters of the ideas which are held by the majority of Republican electors."

It is, however, the education of youth that is recognized as all important, and towards the obtaining of absolute control over this every effort is to be directed. Here, too, it is not difficult to discern the root idea of those who framed the

Associations Bill. As the Comte de Mun asked the hostile majority in the Chamber of Deputies,

"Whence comes it, gentlemen, that being no longer able to apply to these religious antiquated laws which have fallen into desuetude, having no fault or offence to charge them with, you yet continue this outrage, and introduce to the country as a law on behalf of liberty what for some you intend to make an instrument of proscription? When you have done talking about mortmain and economic dangers, you have but one reason to give,—that which is at the bottom of this whole discussion: namely, that amongst these religious congregations, amongst these citizens, there are some who, availing themselves of the right common to all, undertake the office of educating youth, and find many families in France who are ready to entrust them with their children. Yes—there it is!

"There is the true and only motive of your endeavours. Mortmain, the milliard [to be wrung from the congregations], the abdication of natural rights [involved in religious vows],—these are but the stage-tricks, I had almost said the tomfooleries, whereby bumpkins are wont to be inveigled in and kept wonder-stricken to see the piece played out. Behind such clamour and claptrap, one can descry the claim everlastingly made by the Jacobins, to govern men's ideas, to impose their own doctrines, and to lord it over the consciences of others. This is the claim which the President of the Council [M. Waldeck-Rousseau] calmly uttered, as though they were the simplest of political truisms, when at Toulouse he denounced the idea of two bodies of youths, separated less by their position than by their education;—which bodies a few days afterwards M. Viviani contrasted as being brought up the one under the shadow of dogma, the other amid the illumination of science."

As might naturally be expected, masonic orators have, amongst the initiated, been very urgent upon this subject.

In the Convention of Eastern Lodges, in 1892, M. Beauquier thus drew a picture of the state of things to be brought about:

"As I said just now, and I come back to the point because I deem it essential, we must have with us within our temple all educators and instructors of youth. We shall never see the Republic set on a lasting basis until there shall be found in every village a Freemason school-master, a secularist parish priest, who can be set against the other parish priest, and can profitably combat his pernicious influence. We shall never see the Republic definitively established until every child trained by such a teacher shall have in his hands no Catechism but that of the Rights of Man, and of the Citizen (*Applause on the Left*), when the communion-rails shall be deserted, when the money-boxes shall be empty, and the Curé, to keep himself from starving, shall be

obliged to consume the stock of wafers into which, under the name of hosts, he professes to make Christ descend." (*Cheers and laughter on the Left.*)

So noble and exalted is this object to be held as to take precedence of all other considerations. Not only is liberty to be of small account when it is question of establishing a republic in accordance with such ideas, but a principle is to be adopted without scruple, which when falsely attributed to others is stigmatized as the essence of all wickedness—the principle that the end justifies the means. It was thus that in 1891 one of its members exhorted the Grand Orient to adopt what is known as the *Vœu Pochon et Cocula*, of which more anon.

"The proposal is contrary to absolute liberty: but we, Freemasons, are we liberty's devotees? No, we are members of a sect, but members of a sect which places above all else the safety of the Republic. Whatever are the means that we may employ for the salvation of the Republic, we account them good." (*Très bien ! très bien ! on the Extreme Left.*)

As to the *Vœu Pochon et Cocula* itself—which we have heard acknowledged to be "contrary to absolute liberty," its exposition before the Chamber elicited some remarkably frank avowals. Here is the report:

M. Prache. "The *Vœu* runs as follows:

"In the future no one shall be capable of any public function in the gift of the State who has not pursued the studies preparatory to that function in the schools affiliated to the University. Diplomas, warrants, and certificates shall be granted only to such candidates as during the three years preceding the examinations were students in a State school, departmental or communal." (*Très bien ! très bien ! on the Extreme Left.*)

M. Jules-Louis Breton. "That does not go far enough, but, however . . ."

M. Clovis Hugues. "Sound doctrine that!"

M. Prache. "The *Vœu* is not forgotten, it has been renewed every year in the Lodges and Conventions of the Grand Orient."

The teachings so zealously propagated have spread, and now find devoted disciples amongst all sorts and conditions of men, but especially amongst those whom their effects promise to benefit. The following passage-at-arms in the Senate is instructive:

M. Lamarzelle. "We all know what has now become of toleration (*neutralité*). You have heard in the Chamber these words of

M. Baudin, Minister of Public Works, who on occasion of the inauguration of the Upper Primary School at Nantua, November 12, 1899 said that it was the duty of teachers to prepare for the future, by weaning the young minds confided to their care from the prejudices which have become traditional. You have also been told of the teachers' banquet, December 8, 1900, presided over by M. Leygues, Minister of Public Instruction, whose subordinates thus addressed him through one of their number: 'To teach in school is not our only work, or care, or duty. We have to act always and everywhere. We are in the midst of each commune as representatives of civil and secular society, the propagandists in some degree of the secularist idea (*Pidée laïque*).'"

"Here is something else; the circular of a Society which styles itself the Federation of Secular Youth, and gives to its circular all possible publicity. I read as follows—'To all such as, reared in the falsehood of dogmas and the servitude of an exploded discipline, have had the courage to shake off this yoke and emancipate their conscience,—to secularist teachers and all schoolmasters who will substitute for an insincere and demoralizing neutrality the fruitful vigour of a teaching thoroughly impregnated with Republican free-thought . . .'"

("Let us hear no more of neutrality.")

M. Victor Leydet. "Très bien!"

M. de Lamarzelle. "Well said, is it not! You are quite right to cry 'Très bien,' and I am happy to record this mark of approbation as coming from you: but you must not be surprised if I presently draw therefrom certain conclusions. Send your own children if you will to these free-thinking schools, but let us have schools to which we can send ours, schools in which are taught the doctrines that are dear to us, not doctrines which we abhor.

"The circular I have quoted is signed by the President, M. Lapiçgne, *maître de conférences* in the Sorbonne, and by M. Pérez, of the higher Normal School: and to give it greater authority it bears the heading, 'Federation of Secular Youth: Honorary Presidents, MM. F. Buisson, Professor of the Sorbonne, and A. Delpech, a Senator.'"

Of the auxiliaries thus recruited by the Lodges the most notable were the Ministers who, by the Bill which they have succeeded in carrying, have given so large an amount of practical effect to the desired reforms. We have already heard it boasted by a member of the extreme party, that the Ministry of M. Waldeck-Rousseau is bound to fall in with the ideas of those to whom it owes its existence, and the history of the measure in question, scarcely comprehensible without some such key, exactly corresponds with this account of the state of things behind the scenes.

When first introduced to public notice, the proposed law was to be all which it now is not. It was to be no piece of exceptional legislation by which some alone were touched, but was to be built upon principles affecting all citizens alike. It was on no account to interfere with liberty of teaching. So said, in Parliament, the President of the Committee charged with the examination of the Bill, the Minister of Public Instruction, and the Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself. As the latter assured the Chamber,

"When we come to discuss Article 14 of the Bill, I shall make it clear that the proposed enactments have absolutely no bearing upon legislation concerning teaching, and until such legislation shall have been modified, it remains in force, as a matter of course, and the law before us does not even touch it."

Yet the same Minister, in a speech at Toulouse, sounded a very different note :

"If we attach so great importance to the Association Law, it is because it carries with it, at least in great part, the solution of the problem regarding teaching."

There is no doubt as to which of these utterances is the more straightforward. The first belongs to the phase of the enterprise when it was sought to do one thing while professedly intent upon another ; the second, to the ultimate stage when it was found necessary to call things by their names.

At first it was thought sufficient to declare that no association could be tolerated the motive of which was contrary to justice and to law ; and then it was to be argued that inasmuch as the vows of religion constitute a self-suppression or abnegation which no man has a right to undertake, the congregations of which they are an essential feature are intrinsically bad and unlawful. But such an objection, as was speedily urged, must touch all congregations alike wherein such vows are taken ; no authorization by a Government can affect the nature of things ; and the bodies Ministers desire to retain must be branded as radically evil no less than those that they wish to be driven out.

Community life was next chosen as the rock of offence ; a clause being inserted which disallowed "all associations the members of which dwell in common." But here arose at once a difficulty still more formidable. The custom, originally established in Belgium, has been introduced in France and is there gaining ground, of young, unmarried workmen banding together

in bodies numbering from a score to a hundred and upwards, to maintain establishments where they can live more comfortably and economically than in lodgings. These were evidently threatened by the proposed clause, and accordingly the newspapers indignantly asked whether it is not the right of citizens to suit their own tastes as to such conditions of life,—and the clause made haste to disappear.

Another device was tried. Restriction was to be confined to associations between Frenchmen and foreigners, or associations of Frenchmen having their head-quarters or official centre abroad. Here, it was evidently thought, had been found a solid basis, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau insisted that good order and national security were alike seriously involved. Yet this so important provision vanished from the law even more unceremoniously than the others. Besides religious congregations, there is also the Socialist International, to which the above description obviously applies, and its adherents were not disposed to submit to the proposed treatment. "You shall not," said M. Groussier, amongst others; "you shall not, under pretext of fighting the congregations, try to fight us at the same time. We will not stand it." Wherefore the Government, pocketing the affront, and oblivious of good order and national peril, dropped the offensive paragraphs.

Thus it came about that, as M. Piou told his colleagues in the Chamber :

"The Committee has abandoned the circumlocutions devised by it in co-operation with the Government in order to strike at the religious congregations without mentioning them. At the last moment it has realized that life in common is not a sufficient cause of proscription, and that engagements taken to one's own soul, under the sanction of conscience alone, are not unlawful objects of traffic. Wherefore, weary of looking for roundabout approaches, it has ended by going straight for its goal, and decided to call its victims by their name."

Straight for their goal the extremist party have accordingly gone, and have proscribed the objects of their antipathy without troubling themselves to discover a rational or judicial basis upon which to ground the proscription. They have been challenged over and over to produce evidence that the congregations have taken any active part in politics, but, says M. Lamarzelle, "with the sole exception of the Assumptionists in respect of their newspaper *La Croix*, in spite of all inquisitions, investigations, and seizures, they have discovered just nothing

at all." They have been similarly challenged in regard of education, and with a like result. As the Comte de Mun put it to M. Waldeck-Rousseau :

"Do you remember, Mr. President of the Council, a sitting when we were in Committee on the subject of education, when M. Jacques Piou asked you, apropos of the scholastic qualifications [to be required of candidates for office], whether you could quote any facts which demonstrate that those brought up in free schools, when they became functionaries of the State have served it ill? There was silence; all waited for your reply which might be final. You answered that you had no facts to quote, but that you were quite convinced of it. This is exactly the style as reported to us of one of the orators of the 18th Fructidor. 'Proofs! Against royalists there is no need of proofs: I have my convictions.' But I beg to differ, Mr. President of the Council; there *is* need of proofs. When you denounce before the nation a whole class of young people; when you propose to expel them from all public employment; when you accuse their masters of corrupting them, you have to prove what you say. For fifty years have these masters been teaching: what a number there should be of those they have corrupted to exhibit!"

There have certainly been vague declamations and sweeping assertions in plenty, but of facts to justify the course adopted there have been none. Yet it has naturally been desired to disguise the real character of the monstrous tyranny thus exercised upon no other principle than that those should take who have the power, and those should keep who can, and assiduous efforts have accordingly been made to disclaim all idea of persecution or hostility towards religion. Nothing was farther from his intention, protested M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself, than to meddle with any man's faith; he claimed no sort of right to do so. Nor did he assail the Church, he rather interfered on behalf of its genuine representatives, the secular clergy, against the malign influence of the congregations which is deleterious to Catholicism itself.

But all the time, as the Count de Mun told his victorious adversaries, it was fear of Catholicism and of Christianity that was at the bottom of the whole movement.

"That which so alarms you to-day [he said], is that face to face with the body of socialist youth growing up in your *lycées*, there is arising a body of Christian youth, more and more numerous every day. For there is the point, as you know well, there is the great fact of our epoch, which is sufficient to show the folly of your enterprises. For five-and-

twenty years you have wielded power without a rival ; you have had public instruction in your hands ; you have distributed employment and favours ; you have had the disposal of money grants. And after a quarter of a century of uninterrupted domination, with no serious opposition, you discover on a sudden—and this is the motive of your proposals—that the middle class is slipping from you, that your very officials—your solicitude and your hope—claim for their children the liberty of Christian education.”

And that this is no more than the truth, in spite of all the disclaimers uttered by Ministers, they and the world are bluntly told by the leaders of those imperious allies, by whose aid alone have they obtained power or can retain it, and who, as the price of their assistance, claim the right of making the Government dance to any tune for which they choose to call. Thus does M. Viviani, the foremost and most out-spoken orator of the extreme Left, sweep away the professions of M. Waldeck-Rousseau.

“The congregations and the clergy are bound together as flesh and blood. We confront not only the congregations, we confront that Catholic Church which makes common cause with them. . . . The congregations and the Church menace us not only on the score of personal influence, but inasmuch as they propagate faith.”

And another prominent member of the same party, M. Jules Guesde, declared, in words cited in the tribune of the Chamber :

“The question at issue is one between us and the society of capitalists (*la société capitaliste*). This society rests upon the executive Government, the Army, and the Church. Of the Government and the Army we shall easily dispose. The real power we have to assault is the Church.”

Such, unmistakably, are the origins of the Associations Bill, which, while represented by its advocates as necessary for the perfect union of minds and hearts, cannot fail to awaken amongst Frenchmen the most bitter and enduring animosities. As M. Lamarzelle said, apostrophizing the Premier :

“It is a war of ideals, and that is the reason why it is a war against the Church, for the ideals of the congregations are those of the Church. What you attack in combating them are the dogmas of faith, it is the faith of Catholics itself. Against this assertion, M. President of the Council, you have protested with the utmost energy, affirming that it is not your wish to declare war on the Church. Well, allow me to tell

you, notwithstanding the indisputable authority attaching to your person which your great ability has acquired, that your personal wishes count for little in this matter. What is of real moment is the will of those who are with you, who are at your back, of those who have helped you to take this first step—for in their eyes it is but a first step,—of those whose strength you have much enhanced by making use of them, and who will leave you behind when you no longer help them.

“Therefore, whether you will or no, you have set in motion the anti-Catholic host, and in spite of all your talent, and your singular dexterity, you have not the power of saying to it, ‘Thus far shall you go and no further.’ It is a religious war which you have enkindled in the land.”

Is it not a most extraordinary phenomenon, to come back to the point from which we started, that enactments founded on such principles as these should meet with any toleration from the public opinion of Englishmen? Stranger still that they should be welcomed and belauded by that section of the press which distinctively describes itself as “religious,” and yet finds a fresh ground of denunciation against the exiles flocking to our shores, in the fact that they are banished by those who make no secret of their intention to banish Christianity.

J. GERARD.

Aspects of Charity in Vienna.

THE line of demarcation between official administration and private charity is, in England, very clearly laid down: the respective boundaries seldom overlap. Voluntary schools offer perhaps the only striking example among us of individual effort being called upon to co-operate in what is admitted to be one of the primary duties of any civilized State: the organized education of the people. School Boards deal with a section of our national education under the guidance of the Education Department; the Local Government Board controls the vagaries of Boards of Guardians in the administration of the Poor Law; for the rest, the field is left clear for the untrammelled and unorganized exercise of private charity. The system—or perhaps we should rather say the want of system—has produced some splendid results, some signal failures and a good deal of wasted, because unco-ordinated, effort.

On the Continent, if one endeavours to penetrate foreign methods of administering relief, one is bewildered at first by what seems an overlapping of authorities on the one hand, and curious restrictions placed upon individual enterprise on the other. One gains at first an impression that, if more is being done in certain directions, much is left undone in others. Things grow more comprehensible when one has grasped three facts which in the main hold good for all Western Europe, and which of necessity exercise a determining influence on the development of private charity: the absence of any official Poor Law, and as a consequence, the non-existence of workhouses, as we understand them; the very restricted right of private association, owing to political considerations, with the many legal difficulties in the way of obtaining what is known in French-speaking countries as *personnification civile*, i.e., a corporate right to hold and transmit property; and, finally, the very wide powers and multifarious duties conferred upon municipalities in all matters concerned with the social welfare of the people within their boundaries.

We have then abroad, in relation to the relief of the poor, a third sphere of activity, midway, so to speak, between the State and the private philanthropist or society, taking something from both. In England municipalities are purely administrative ; abroad they are largely benevolent. Thus, as soon as, by hook or by crook, an institution can be, in the official phrase, *reconnu d'utilité publique*, there is practically no limit to the financial aid that the City Council may bestow upon it. The particular direction in which the municipal charity is made to flow depends of course largely on the political and religious sympathies of the majority of the councillors. Thus, in one town, one may find "confessional" (denominational) schools and hospitals nursed by nuns in receipt of municipal grants, while in another the city coffers will be opened for the benefit of labour bureaux and so-called free universities. The system, with certain drawbacks, is often beneficial ; a municipality may protect where the State is inclined to persecute, and many admirable institutions started by private benevolence, and proving themselves of real local benefit, can gain by means of a generous municipal grant both the necessary stability and that slight measure of outside control which usually proves exceedingly beneficial. Moreover, a great municipality with a reputation for the judicious disbursement of its funds, tends to draw to itself large charitable gifts and bequests, which in England would be left to specific institutions or societies, but which a city is often able to administer on behalf of its poor with greater elasticity and a fuller knowledge of their ever-varying needs. In a word, the municipality tends to become the trustee of the pooled charitable contributions of its citizens.

This has been largely the case with the city of Vienna, whose municipality to-day is second to none throughout Europe in wealth and power. There exists, of course, in Austria, as in Belgium, the triple authority of *Staat, Land*, and *Rath* : the State, the Province, and the Town ; but in Vienna, so it seemed to me, from the superficial impression of a brief visit, it was the authority of the Town Council that was all-pervading. This is hardly surprising when one remembers that the worthy councillors who rule the city from the stately new *Rath-haus* on the Ring, have practically to perform the duties that in London are divided up between the Corporation, the County Council, the School Board, the Boards of Guardians, and not a few private societies.

Schools, orphanages and asylums, hospitals and convalescent treatment, and, above all, the care of the destitute poor, whether in the splendid *Bürger spital*, or in the *Allgemeine Versorgungshäuser*—the nearest thing in Austria to an English workhouse—or, again, in the *Werk-haus*, or test-house for the idle and homeless, all fall within the province of the Town Council. It is one of Dr. Lueger's sources of strength that he is known to take a deep personal interest in the welfare of the poor, and that he watches over the administration of the relief funds of the capital with jealous care. Various reforms have been introduced during his term of office at the *Rath-haus*—a term which is likely to receive a further extension, for even his adversaries have to admit that, for the moment, Dr. Lueger is the only man in Austria strong enough to rule the somewhat unruly city of Vienna—and everything is being done to perfect the organization. It sounded strange to English ears to hear, on arriving in Vienna, that it was impossible for a stranger to visit the great city charities without a direct permission from the Burgo-master—probably the somewhat severe criticism to which his administration has recently been subjected by the Liberal press accounts for the restriction; but it was reassuring to find that an application by letter not only immediately produced the required permission, but also the appearance of an official with instructions to devote the day to escorting me to each and every institution I might wish to visit. This act of courtesy was followed later by the arrival of an amount of official literature bearing upon the subject of poor relief, before which the stoutest investigator into social problems might well have quailed; it afforded yet one more proof of the thoroughness with which Austrian officials carry out their duties, and dispelled any possible suspicion that the *Armen Department* did not court the fullest inspection.

But I am inclined to doubt whether the readers of THE MONTH would care to be led through the mazes of a system of municipal relief which is mainly interesting to those familiar with the intricacies of the English Poor Law, owing to the many contrasts it offers to our own methods of procedure. I would rather take them to one or two distinctively Catholic institutions designed to fill the gaps which the best devised State system in the world must always leave for Christian charity to deal with. I heard complaints in Vienna—perhaps it may be of some consolation to ourselves in London—of a lack of activity among Catholics, of want of organization, of jealousies, and rivalries,

and religious indifference, and all the obstacles which the eager philanthropist of every country finds strewn across the path of progress. And Austria has its own individual social difficulties.

There is, of course, the *Los von Rom* movement, which, though mainly political, naturally weighs heavily on the minds of the religious authorities; there is the anti-semitic movement, which embitters all parties, and acts as a hindrance to social work, and finally, there is the general sense of anxiety as to what will happen when the present Emperor dies. Yet, at the same time, there is much philanthropic activity throughout the country—the official year-book of Vienna charities gives details of nearly 600 institutions and societies, mostly Catholic, and all under private management—and there are signs among the rich of a new realization of social obligations towards the poor on the lines laid down by the Papal Encyclical. If a strong Christian democratic party does not yet exist, as in France and Belgium and Northern Italy, at least some good seed has been sown, and meanwhile a great deal is being done by the unobtrusive means of good works.

The care of the aged—we in England are rather neglectful of our duty in that respect—seems to appeal with peculiar force to the Austrians, so numerous are the institutions, both public and private, for their benefit. My investigating visits brought me to a beautiful old age home at Währing, a healthy, high-lying suburb of Vienna, where two hundred old people of either sex are taken care of by Sisters of Mercy (of St. Charles Borromeo). Many are received entirely free, others pay a small monthly pension from their savings, or are paid for by old employers. The house was scrupulously clean and neat, and full of sunshine, and looked as little as possible like an institution. There were no large wards: the non-paying inmates have pleasant day-rooms, and sleep in bed-rooms for five or six, the others either share a double room, or have charming little bed-sitting-rooms to themselves, with every possible comfort. For the bedridden there was a hospital ward containing a dozen white-curtained beds. No restraint is put upon the inmates—they wear their own clothes, come and go as they please, and receive their friends at any time. They seldom leave their rooms, the Sisters said, except for the chapel or the garden, content to sit placidly and enjoy their well-earned rest. Yet they seemed pleased and flattered at receiving a visit, and welcomed one with many curtsies, and the polite Austrian "*Küss die Hand*." Yes, they were very happy, they wanted for

nothing, the Sisters were very kind to them: it was good to hear the chorus of content, and see the old, smiling, wrinkled faces. Nevertheless, like all old people, they have to be humoured at times: it is the old men, the Sisters say, who give the least trouble; old women have more fads and fancies.

As we left the convent we had another glimpse of the Sisters' charity. It was mid-day, and round the convent door was a crowd of the very poor, men, women, and children, showing in their haggard faces that bewildering variety of types that Austria alone can produce, and facing them stood two Sisters with a vast tub of steaming soup before them, ladling it swiftly into the mugs and jugs and bowls that the people had brought. They gave away soup every day, they said: there were always hungry people to feed. It was one of the gaps to fill left by the carefully devised system of city-relief, for to come day by day for a mug of soup is a test of real poverty. And though Vienna, and indeed all Austria, is creditably and delightfully free from beggars and wayside cripples, the pressure of want must none the less make itself felt.

Only a few hundred yards away from this peaceful retreat stands a large building which shelters a far more acute form of human suffering. It is a great hospital for incurables, containing four hundred and twenty beds, and nursed by the familiar white *cornettes* of the Sisters of Charity. Here the refusals of all the general hospitals of Vienna are sure of a welcome. Every sort of disease and deformity is eligible, provided the sufferer be in need of medical care, and once received he is never sent away. It is work that demands no little devotion alike from nurses and doctors, for here there is none of the joy and reward of watching a patient recover: he can only grow slowly worse, or perhaps, contrary to all medical expectation, may drag on a helpless existence for years, while continuing to require the most trying services. Some have been in the hospital ten or fifteen years: the oldest patient is aged ninety-three. Here, too, the wards are much smaller than in most English hospitals, the beds in each numbering usually only a dozen, and in some cases fewer. As far as possible the patients are sorted out according to their complaints, the paralytics in one ward, tuberculous patients in another, and the cancer-patients, of whom, alas, there are many, are nursed apart from the others, two and two in small wards. It seems almost needless to say of a place kept by Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, that everything was spotless: the white beds, the

heaped-up pillows, the polished floors, the freshly-distempered walls. An arrangement I have not seen in any other hospital was that the beds stood out two feet from the wall, thus leaving a free passage behind them—clearly a convenience in the nursing and lifting of helpless patients. By every bedside was a cupboard, and on every cupboard stood a statue with candles and sometimes flowers, a little shrine in which the owners took great pride and delight. The wards have been ingeniously built round the chapel, and those in the wings have been provided with little oratories where Mass is said in rotation, so that all the inmates hear Mass at least once a week. Thus everything is done both for the souls and bodies of the patients, and indeed they themselves were touchingly cheerful, and welcomed one gladly. Yet the sight of so much suffering could not but be sad, and saddest of all were the two children's wards, filled with diseased and crippled children whom no one could cure. With us, only too often, the workhouse infirmary is the sole refuge for these cases, and admirably nursed as many infirmaries are, they yet carry with them the stigma of pauperism, which adds a bitter grievance to the already sad lot of the patient. No rate-supported institution could supply what the *Haus der Barmherzigkeit* is able to give to the sufferers who enter its doors. Founded some forty years as the work of a pious confraternity, it has grown through princely benefactions until it stands to-day one of the most beautiful testimonies to Christian charity in a great city.

To feed the able-bodied, as well as to nurse the sick, comes within the province of the Vienna philanthropist, and the *Volksküchen* and *Suppen und Thee-Anstalten* are institutions of which the citizens are very proud. These food *depôts* are entirely organized and maintained by private charity, and are to be found in all the working-class districts of Vienna, the cost of installation and management being borne by the subscribers. The idea is to provide hot, wholesome food at cost price to whomever applies for it, on the ground, I presume, of helping to maintain the health of the working-classes and of alleviating somewhat the struggle for life. The kitchens are open morning, noon, and evening, and the first thing that struck me as my guide escorted me, towards mid-day, down the stairs of one of the most centrally-situated, was that the majority of the crowd hurrying beside us were at least decently dressed people. In England it would be held derogatory to partake of food partly supplied by charity except under stress of circumstances—the

Salvation Army food *depôts* are, after all, only patronized by the man who cannot afford Lockhart's—but in Vienna such a feeling is evidently neither entertained nor expected, for the *Volksküchen* are hospitably open to all and sundry. It is only in England that we are always tormented in the midst of our well-doing by the fear of undermining people's self-respect, and discouraging the noble virtue of thrift. Would-be diners pay their money at the door, receiving a metal token for each dish paid for, which they hand over the kitchen counter and themselves carry their food to the table. The big dining-room was clean, but quite plain—only a crucifix hung on the white-washed wall—the tables were of scrubbed deal, table-cloths of course an impossible luxury. No drink of any kind is supplied, but there were several taps with drinking-water in the room. The food is most excellent, and amazingly cheap, a full dinner of soup, meat, vegetables, and bread can be had for 2½d.; a bowl of soup and a large hunch of bread for 1d. The *menu*, too, is sufficiently varied, and usually includes *mehlspeisen* and well-cooked macaroni. "Yes," said a nice, friendly old woman, neat and clean, and what the Viennese would term *gemüthlich*, beside whom I sat at the deal table sampling the vast helpings of soup and stewed beef and savoury *gulyas*, which my companion and I had had some difficulty in conveying, unspilt, from the counter, "yes, the poor in Vienna are well looked after; we haven't much to complain of." I suggested that our neighbours did not look very poor—indeed, many of them wore excellent coats and hats, and seemed to belong rather to the artisan and small shop-keeping class. "Oh, never fear, the very poor will be in presently," she declared, and I left her radiant, in possession of my dinner, which she was to bestow on the first real beggar she saw enter the room.

The *Suppen und Thee-Anstalten* do undoubtedly cater for a poorer class, for those, in fact, who cannot afford themselves a "square meal." At these kitchens only tea, soup, cocoa, and bread are to be had. They open their doors at 6.30 in the morning, again at mid-day, and from 5 to 9 in the evening. Here, too, everything was plain and clean, and excellently served—the thick soup, price ½d., really delicious, and the tea, though hardly what we in England should call tea, being mainly composed of milk and sugar, served very hot, and most palatable; good white bread could be had for 4 heller, a hunch of black bread for 2 heller—less than one farthing. Besides feeding the hungry, the *Suppen Anstalten* are designed also to serve the cause of temperance,

by supplying a wholesome alternative to the wine and spirit shops, and with this aim tea with rum—a favourite drink in Vienna—is no longer supplied as formerly. A special effort is also being made to popularize cocoa as a drink among the working-classes. Besides their routine work, all these food *depôts* give away a large amount of food to the really destitute, and thousands of special meals are supplied to school children, in exchange for tickets distributed in the primary schools. They also hold themselves in readiness to assist the military authorities in the feeding of the troops, both in time of war or in any special emergency. Thus their field of work is really a wide one, and when one considers the millions of hot nutritious meals served every year through their agency, it is clear they must add very materially to the health and well-being of the working-classes of the capital.

These are but a few examples of what I was shown in Vienna. They present, it may be said, no strikingly new features; the nursing of the sick, the care of the aged, the feeding of the poor, are they not to be found in every city, whether here or abroad? And yet it seems to me one learns much by visiting the charitable institutions of other lands, even if only in matters of detail. One sees fresh methods of meeting old difficulties, of attacking familiar problems, or again, relaxations of what one has held to be principles of primary importance, which are yet followed by no evil results. It cures one of too rigid a clinging to any one method, too exclusive a belief in the infallibility of any one system. We in England pride ourselves on our wide grasp of social problems, on our fidelity to what we hold to be certain broad, underlying principles in dealing with the relief of the poor. Catholics abroad, if they pride themselves at all, might do so on the strength of what I can best call their tender ingenuity in encompassing both the sinner and the sufferer, their instinctive understanding of the kindest, gentlest way of dealing with those in need. They, in the main, seek to console; we, in the main, seek to build up. True, these are but two aspects of one and the same work, but it is just that they may not become mutually exclusive that a mutual familiarity is so desirable. Above all, one gains by it a new sense of fellowship that is very pleasant with the workers all the world over, who are doing something for the poor, and striving to reduce the sum of this world's suffering.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

Rambles Far Away.

Il faut apprendre à voir, comme en musique on apprend à entendre.

Alfred Stevens.

"WHERE shall we go to-day?" somebody asks with eager eyes, for the afternoon walk—that never-failing source of joy—is being discussed.

The choice is wide, for we are here in the heart of a perfect network of country walks, each different from the other and each more enchanting than the other—of course only to people who have eyes wherewith to see, and who condescend to put them to the use of observing what are usually described as "common things." We have the option of skirting the oak-wood that begins at a hundred paces from the house, and, following the winding track, arriving through patches of copse and stretches of meadow to the birch-crested hill that looks down on the impetuous little river below; or, plunging into the wood itself, we can wander for hours among trunks that make you dream of druids and smoking altars, emerging every now and then on to one of the green glades that run like ribs, deep into the great forest, and which, in spring and autumn, we will find spangled with pale lilac crocuses, in summer golden with march margolds or flecked with ragged robin. We can walk to the "Black Corner" (for all the favourite spots have long since been christened) or to "Oakly Bower"—so named after another "Oakly Bower" far away in old Scotland, or to "Eagle Meadow," or to "Green Pencil Flat," a rustic shelter cabin which owes its title to some words scrawled in green pencil upon its rough door. The words are written in Polish, for it is time to explain that these rambles are not taken on any British soil, but are far-away rambles indeed, as far away as the foot of those "blue" Carpathians, which, by their wonderful tints—due, I suppose, to some peculiarity of atmosphere—richly deserve their adjective. Unfamiliar ground to the average English reader, if indeed Nature, in any aspect, can be unfamiliar to

that blessed band of her lovers, to whom so much more is revealed than to him who passes blindly by. Yet the blindness is not confined to the "dweller within cities." The typical peasant of this country is the best example of how one can live and die in the shadow of a mountain-range, and never find out anything more about it but that it is steep and keeps an undue amount of sun off the maize-fields. I remember how once when we were returning from a woodland ramble, very muddy but very happy, a woman in a sheepskin coat and a bright-coloured apron, accosted me with the wondering question as to what I had been doing in the wood. As it was not the season for berries, and as I was not carrying a faggot on my head, the matter was evidently a riddle to her. In my best Ruthenian I explained that I had been taking a walk.

"A walk in the wood?" she said, opening very wide her brilliant black eyes. "But what can a lady like you have to do in a wood? In the town there are things to see—but here? And with all that mud upon your boots!"

"In the town there is mud, too," I objected, "and there are Jews besides the mud;" and I ventured to add some remark about the view from here being beautiful.

The idea, evidently, was new to her. She looked at me with a sort of amused wonder twinkling in her black eyes and gleaming even in her white teeth. Obviously I was to her a curiosity. Yet all the time the sunlit landscape lay spread out before her, with the roll of meadows—even though wintry meadows—in the foreground, and the slate-blue mountain chain sweeping against the pale, pure sky. It may be said in excuse of this amiable savage that of course she had never read a page about the beauties of nature, seeing that the alphabet was a sealed mystery to her; but I have known people who have digested whole libraries and yet have no more eyes than this rustic.

Or—to continue our review of possibilities—we can go to the *tolotta*. And it is to the *tolotta* that we decide to go. The deep oak-woods are grateful on hot summer days, the green glades entrancing in spring, but the *tolotta* is undoubtedly the best autumn walk. It is the stretch of plain that separates our isolated dwelling from the high-road. Its almost unbroken expanse and its slightly billowy formation make me think of it as of a sea which divides us from the world, and behind which we live in safety, as on an island, and need only steer

for the mainland when we feel so inclined. Every time that we turn off the high-road on to the primitive track that is used, besides ourselves, only by a few peasants, I have a feeling of being at home, as though I were already on private ground.

The plain, flat in its widest extent, slopes up slightly towards the north, where solitary huts stand at long intervals, barely peeping over their basket-work palings, and looking like a sort of pointed mushroom grown black for want of gathering. To the south there is a distant line of forest, to the west—towards which our faces are turned—the view is bounded by the mountain-chain.

It is an overcast day; the sun has not taken one good look at the world since morning. The surface of the *tolotta*, of a dull, greyish tint at this season, seems, under this heavy sky, to have lost its last vestige of colour. A monotonous outlook at first sight, but look closer and it is the variety you will wonder at and not the sameness. The grass which covers the plain is of different sorts, some of which bleaches quicker than others, so that the grey, when looked at near, is not grey at all, but yellow and green and russet; and these differently tinted blades intertwine like the pattern of a lovely woven carpet. There are places which bristle with rushes, places that are humped all over with mounds of golden-green moss; sometimes a more vivid ring of green encloses a marshy pool, sometimes a broad bush of cranberry crouches towards the ground, or sticks up into the air, like the claws of some gigantic bird that has not been buried deep enough. Everything keeps close to the ground, upon this wind-swept plain, as do the huts on the brow of the slope. Only the single nut-trees beside each peasant dwelling have the courage to stand to their full height, stretching gaunt arms skywards. Also they look huge by contrast to their surroundings, as does that one bunch of birches on the sky-line, that makes a landmark for so far around. The only living being in sight beyond ourselves is a peasant in red frieze trousers, driving a horse, one of the small mountain horses of the country, which, however, you would scarcely recognize for a horse, so deeply is it masked by the piles of wooden pails upon its back. The silence, too, is almost unbroken; nothing but the monotonous thud coming from where a woman is beating her linen in the little stream that borders the plain over there by the forest, and the yelp of the dogs, already in full pursuit of the crows.

A word here as to the four-footed companions of our rambles. They have twelve feet between them, and resolve themselves into two fox-terriers and one nondescript yellow animal, who may perhaps have had a bull-terrier somewhere far back among her ancestors. She seems to have been born middle-aged, for although I have known Mysa since her earliest puppyhood, I cannot recall her as either foolish or frolicsome, but always as sedate, sober, and extremely averse to exercise. Not so the fox-terriers, who are as unlike each other as fox-terriers can well be—Rap, small, delicate, high-bred, nervous, with all the air and graces of a beauty who knows herself a beauty, and an unreasonable jealousy of poor, grotesque old Mysa, with whom she has a standing feud, and has fought many unequal battles; Spot, her companion—an unworthy companion, so far as breeding goes—with no airs or graces at all, but downright, boisterous manners that border on the vulgar, and an unconquerable appetite for young hens and ducks, as well as a hankering after the calves of peasants' legs.

There used to be another companion, but of him I can scarcely bear to speak—our beautiful Rip, who possessed all the beauty of Rap, his sister, and all the virtues which Spot has not, and whom a stray shot in the forest close by brought to an untimely end. I am never able to pass the ditch where I saw him last, with the pool of blood beside him and the sunset reflected in his glassy eyes, without feeling an uncomfortable tightening at the throat.

But let us pass on, since he belongs no longer to our rambles.

The herds of cattle that usually dot the *tolotta* have not been driven out to-day, which is just as well, considering Spot's propensity for going for hind-legs, but the small herd boys, who are so fond of lying in wait for me in order to rush at my hand and kiss it, and perhaps get a few coppers in exchange for the apples which they produce from the inside of their coarse linen shirts, have left signs of their presence in the shape of gnawed heads of maize strewn about among the rushes, whose deceptive whiteness often awakens false hopes of a belated mushroom. One deep, irregular rent, like the bed of an ancient river, except that it is free of stones, tears the plain in two. Other smaller clefts open out of it, after the fashion of tributary streams, but they are all dry, except at the melting of the snows. The green, however, is more vivid in these clefts than up on the plain, and, together with the red clay of the

naked sides, makes a welcome break in the tints of this colourless day.

Ah, but a colourless day does not necessarily end in a colourless evening. Looking over to the west, I perceive quite unexpectedly that the mountains are beginning to transform themselves. They are not an unbroken chain, but consist rather of various chains at various distances, opening occasionally, as though to disclose those further off. Just below the sunset they retreat, forming a sort of amphitheatre, and here a grand pageant is beginning to unroll itself. A ray from behind the dark cloud-mass has fallen into the hollow, filling it suddenly and deliciously with silver light. The mountains which all day long have looked as irresponsible as though they were carved in wood, begin to turn to the transparency of milk-white glass—with different degrees of transparency, according to their different distances, and with violet and amethyst shadows throwing up each luminous outline. The swiftness with which they brighten and darken with the changes in the clouds—while the rest of the landscape lies dead—almost gives them the appearance of breathing. Then all at once from under that heavy edge of cloud there shoots a more vivid ray, and gains the plain, bit by bit, like an arrow of light flying low over the ground. The grey grass begins to smoulder as though it had caught fire; each moss-heap and each tuft of rushes gets its own particular shadow, while a momentary flash reveals the presence of some hidden, stagnant pool, and the bunch of birches on the skyline shines out with far-seen stems, silver-white. It is a veritable transfiguration, the one moment of glory which the day has brought to the colourless plain, and is to be followed—so swiftly, alas—by night.

I think I like the *tolotta* best at this season, but it has a more obvious charm when it puts on its early spring garment of every imaginable shade of green, according to the dampness or dryness of the different streaks of soil; or when on some breezy May day you may walk through a mile or so of buttercups, all a-move and a-flutter, like a cloud of golden flies, hovering over the ground, and trying to settle on your feet. Or in December, when, under an unbroken covering of snow, the *tolotta's* likeness to a sea becomes almost unpleasantly enhanced; for if your sledge chances to be the first that cuts its way through the virgin expanse (and it is likely to be so), then you have only your sense of direction, or at best some

landmark in the shape of a distant tree by which to steer for the high-road. Then there is the mushroom season and the gentian season, when the plain gets thousands of deep-blue eyes which look up at you through the grass. The *tolotta* has this fascination about it that by every season it appears to be a different place. By summer moonlight, for instance, with the milk-white mists moving stealthily over the ground, dragging themselves more slowly over the marshy places, and gathering thickly around the hidden pools—ever blotting the transparency of the night—it is not at all the same *tolotta* that we have been walking on this October afternoon, but some region that seems inhabited not by maize-eating peasants, but by night-walking spirits.

By the time one gets home the world is all grey again and rapidly turning black. Our home—a long, low cottage sitting between two oak-woods, with its back to the mountains and its face looking down a shallow valley, whose distance is dotted, park-like, with trees—has already got two twinkling eyes of light which look at us hospitably through the falling dusk. Down to the right, where the farm-buildings stand, flanked by the straw-ricks, night is gathering even faster in the shadow of the wood.

If you were to ask me what sort of a place my present home is I should answer very diffidently, not because I have too little, but rather because I have too much to say. It is difficult not to feel a sort of maudlin tenderness for any piece of earth which you have redeemed from the wilderness, where you have planted every fruit-tree yourself, cut the garden out of a desert and reaped in a spot on which five years ago the fox still lay low among the ferns,—which in fact you almost believe you have created; and maudlin tenderness is apt to lead to garrulity, which I should prefer to avoid. I have heard it said that our view is limited; perhaps it is, for our two walls of oak-wood shut out a good deal; and yet the birch-crested ridge that closes the valley lets in a gleam of blue mountain which quite suffices to convince me that there *is* a world outside, one that I can visit when I choose, but which is not likely to intrude upon my hermitage against my inclination. There is no other human habitation nearer than those huts that stand on the brow of the *tolotta*; but you need not fancy that our valley lacks life. Even if the tinkle of cow-bells, the crowing of cocks, and the barking of dogs did not keep the echoes

a-going, you have often only to look out of the window in order to see a roebuck bounding along from the shelter of one oak-wood to the other—right across your oat-field, perhaps—or a hare starting up from among the potatoes and running for its life with all the dogs behind it. Foxes are a quite common sight from the drawing-room windows, and not so long ago, hearing a most prodigious clamour of the dogs, and inquiring after the cause, I was told that a wild boar had passed through the newly-planted orchard close behind the house. I have also heard speak of a pair of wolves which, during a particularly cold spell, were seen slinking about the edge of the oak-wood, but I cannot vouch for this statement.

It is in March, however, that the view from the windows is the most animated, for it is then the storks return from the south. They do not build here—we are too near the mountains for their taste—but they stop for a week or so at a time, breaking the journey to the plains beyond, and one rather damp meadow in full view of the windows seems to afford peculiar delicacies in the way of young frogs. I have counted as many as fifty or sixty storks at a time upon that meadow.

But it is not to the *tolotta* alone that I invite you to ramble in our company. If you have indeed come as far as this, perhaps you will not object to going out again with us next day. It is a better day, far, than yesterday, though there has been a frost in the night—a still, brilliant day, with a pale blue sky and floods of sunshine, as dazzling as those of July, only that they do not warm. There seems hardly any perceptible difference in passing from it to the shade; in its way it is as ineffective as painted sunshine on a picture.

This day seems like a far-off reflection of dead summer-days. A pause has taken place in the ceaseless falling of the leaves. So motionless is the air that only at long intervals one is to be seen fluttering leisurely to the ground. The half-stripped oaks, enjoying the respite, stand regally wrapped in the fragments of their mantles, and seem to be dreaming their summer dreams over again. It is but a pause before the stormy advent of the murderer, winter, who will bury even the last faint-coloured, thin-stemmed flowerets under the first snowfall. And he is not far off. In the shady spots, even in these afternoon hours, the grass is still stiff with frost, and the ditches have a thin coating, as of glass. But who can think of winter when the air is of that finely distilled quality which goes to one's head as surely as dry champagne?

And later on, when the correct season for rambles is definitely closed, even although the average Polish lady would not dream of venturing beyond the gravel, perhaps you—not being Polish—will not mind penetrating with us into the leafless depths of the forest. Some people think that you can only take walks when there are leaves on the trees; but what a mistake is that! You can not only take walks, but you can gather bouquets—yes, actually bouquets in the dead heart of winter which, although they do not smell so sweet as the summer nosegays, are every whit as beautiful, for the right sort of eyes. Not every day, it is true; it requires a sunless, windless day, with a good, stiff hoar-frost, to make the right sort of bouquet.

It is such a day to-day. Each twig has a second twig beside it, the copy of its black self in white, each tiny branchlet faithfully counterfeited. The brown oak-leaves are set in a frosty rim, sometimes bordered with a fluffy, fur-like edge. The dead hemlocks, the bleached grass-heads, still standing upright, like the ghosts of their summer selves, are frosted over with silver, which only requires a sunbeam to turn into diamonds. There is a shining patch upon the shrivelled cheek of each berry in the hedge, each thorn is fantastically prolonged by an icy point, on every broken stick upon the path crystal needles bristle closely. Could anything be more tempting than to make a bouquet of all these wonderful fairy blossoms? But oh, the care with which they must be handled, for fear of dislodging the beautifying powder!

Cautiously I gather something that looks like some delicate oblong print, but which in reality is only an old clover-head of last summer, fretted all over with rough silver. Then comes a giant head of hemlock, the most beautiful, I think, of all the filagree flowers, but the most difficult to handle. Next I find a fern which, by good luck, has not had its head broken by the wind, and the whole of whose intricate pattern is picked out in tiny crystal beads. As for grasses I have a choice of them, tall and short, fluffy-headed and broad-bladed, all dead as straw, it is true, but all beautiful for one day at least. I must add a bunch of those queer little glass buttons, which probably were ox-eye daisies once, or else camomile, and a few of the fur-trimmed oak-leaves, and already my bouquet is as big as I can comfortably hold. It is a nosegay that cannot be smelt at, of course, and the only place to preserve it in overnight is between the windows. If you neglect this then all you will find of your

fairly bouquet next morning will be a bunch of black stalks and a stain of water on the carpet.

Not many weeks more and we shall be gathering real bouquets, not phantom ones that vanish in an hour. Already the willows have begun to take on that reddish tint which is the precursor of the green, and already the dogs are to be seen at all hours of the day diligently employed upon the fields that have been turned in autumn, which means that the field-mice are beginning to move,—kind, unfailing symptoms of the approaching spring.

We know the place exactly, the one where the first snowdrops always show themselves; it is up on the *bahnia*, a clearing in the forest, dotted over with straggling brushwood. There the old grass lies flattened by the weight of the snow which has scarcely melted, while each clump of bushes, into which the scythes of last summer have not been able to penetrate, stand knee-deep in long blades that are bleached to a papery whiteness, as though in a pool of white water. The monotony of the wall of wood alongside is broken only by some oak that, having kept its leaves on all the winter, makes a patch of dull orange against the fretwork of black branches. Some oaks are so obstinate about parting with their leaves, just as some old men are so tenacious of the dreams of their youth, even though they have become as useless as dead leaves. The view towards the mountains—for we are on higher ground here—is broken up by single birches, whose delicate, hanging twigs fall earthward like the spray from a tall fountain.

The ground at our feet is a mosaic of dead, matted grass, dead leaves, broken twigs, and battered-looking tufts of old moss. Nothing could appear more hopeless at first sight, but we are intimate with the ways of snowdrops, and presently our pains are rewarded by the sight of the first snowdrop "nose."

The first, but by no means the last. Almost on every spot where we turn over the lair of leaves—bleached and dry at the top, but dark and damp beneath—the tiny green shoots are pressing up through the earth. So loud do the excited exclamations grow that the dogs hasten up to inquire after the cause, but if they had hoped for a dead mouse or mole they are grievously disappointed this time and get their ears boxed into the bargain for walking over the precious "noses."

But the snowdrops are not the only green things beneath that carpet of leaves. Tiny bent heads, stalks of thread-like

thinness are visible at places,—evidently the anemones mean to race the snowdrops hard this year ; and there are other patches of green that have been green all winter, only that we never thought of digging for them—low-growing leaves and blades, survivors of last season, that have managed in some miraculous way to keep alive beneath all the weight of snow.

All is not lost, it would seem, that happens to be out of sight ; just as some old joys which we think gone for ever may be alive still behind the impenetrable veil of to-morrow, while new joys of which we do not dream, may be budding unseen, yet close at hand, and almost ready to burst into lives which to-day appear all dead and wintry.

DOROTHEA GERARD.

Our Popular Devotions.

V.—THE ANGELUS.

I. THE HAIL MARY.

So closely is the Hail Mary associated with the *Angelus*, that in Italy the latter devotion is hardly known by any other name than that of the *Ave Maria*. It seems imperative, then, as a preliminary to the fuller discussion of our three-fold daily reminder of the mystery of the Incarnation, to say a few words upon the history of the Hail Mary as a prayer. The point perhaps is one that has been more fully and accurately determined by previous inquirers than most of the other topics which have come before us in this series of articles; but while making all possible acknowledgments to the conscientious researches of Father Esser, O.P.,¹ and Father Bridgett² in our own times, and of Mabillon,³ Trombelli,⁴ and the Bollandists⁵ in an earlier generation, their investigations have not been so exhaustive as to leave nothing new to be gleaned upon the subject by those who come after. We may pass somewhat lightly over the conclusions already firmly established, in order to give prominence to those that are less familiar.

The truth that the *Ave Maria* as a devotional formula was not in common use before the twelfth century, has been generally accepted ever since the time of Mabillon.⁶ The argument by which this is made good is largely negative, but it is none the less strong enough to exclude all serious doubt. Down to the close of the eleventh century, we hear practically nothing of the *Ave Maria* as a formula, at any rate in the

¹ In the *Historisches Jahrbuch* of the Görres Gesellschaft for 1884, pp. 93, seq.

² *Our Lady's Dowry*. Third Edit. part ii. chap. iv. and Appendix, p. 482.

³ *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, sec. v.; Preface, §§ 127, seq.

⁴ *Dissertatio ix.* ⁵ *AA.SS.* Oct. vol. 7, pp. 1008, seq.

⁶ Father Bridgett's seeming divergence from this view, p. 176, seems to me more apparent than real. Cf. p. 181. The question all turns upon what we mean by the "common or popular use" of the Hail Mary.

West. In the East the isolated occurrence of a closely analogous prayer in a Syriac ritual attributed to Severus, Patriarch of Antioch, *c.* 513, seems a great deal too uncertain to be accepted without much fuller evidence as to the condition and character of the manuscript in question than we actually possess, while such quotations as have been made from the writings of Andrew of Crete and St. John Damascene, tend rather to prove that the greeting of St. Gabriel to our Lady was likely to suggest a series of improvised variants by way of devout salutation to the Θεοτοκός, than to exhibit the combination of the Archangel's and St. Elizabeth's words as a formula of prayer definitely established. Similarly, the story of St. Ildephonsus of Toledo must, I think, be pronounced absolutely unreliable, even though the Bollandist, Father Victor de Buck, to some extent, takes it under his protection.

The history as we find it in Mabillon, runs thus: One Bishop Godescalc, of Aquitaine, is said to have made a pilgrimage into Spain to the shrine of St. James at Compostella. There he became acquainted with a certain writing of St. Ildephonsus upon the virginity of our Lady. This he brought home with him from his pilgrimage; and in order that the authority of the treatise might be duly respected, he is also stated to have obtained an abstract of the Life of the author, which he copied out and prefixed to it. Now, in this brief memoir it is narrated how St. Ildephonsus, going once to the church by night, found our Blessed Lady seated amid a blaze of light in his own episcopal chair and surrounded by a choir of virgins, who sang her praises and were attired in gleaming robes with garlands upon their heads.¹ Surprised but not dismayed at the wondrous sight, St. Ildephonsus approached, making a series of genuflexions and repeating at each of them "those words of the Angel's greeting: 'Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.'" Then our Lady presented him with a beautiful chasuble, which she had brought from Heaven, and St. Ildephonsus, in gratitude, established the feast of the Immaculate Conception, "which is solemnly

¹ May I venture to point out, that if any such legend had been recorded of St. Dominic it would certainly have been quoted as an irrefragable proof of his connection with the Rosary; for not only did the recipient of the vision at once burst out into repetitions of the Hail Mary, but he saw before him "*magnam Virginum catervam splendidis vestibus ornatam, roseisque seu niveis sertis refertam, circa eam (sc. Mariam) assistantem et laudes ei decantantem.*"

kept throughout Spain on the 8th of December." This Life is supposed to have been brought from Spain in the ninth century; and hence, even though we cannot assume the truth of the story as regards St. Ildephonsus himself, who lived two or three hundred years earlier, we must at least conclude, so it is contended, that the Angelical Salutation was familiar in Spain as a prayer before the time of our King Alfred the Great. Unfortunately, however, Mabillon tells us nothing of the date of the manuscript in which he found this Life. All that we know is that it is associated with a collection of miracles of our Lady, which is undoubtedly of much later origin; and, secondly, that it contains, as we have seen, a most suspicious reference to the feast of the Conception of our Lady, kept on December 8th. As Mr. Edmund Bishop has shown in the *Downside Review*, there is strong reason to believe that the feast originated in England, and that, too, as late as the tenth or eleventh century. If so, we cannot possibly regard the story told as an authentic record of an epoch considerably earlier.

Are we, then, forced to accept the conclusion formulated by the late Dr. Rock, in his *Church of Our Fathers*, that before the thirteenth century the words of the Hail Mary "were never used in England in public or private prayer except indeed once a year in the Offertory of the Mass on the Fourth Sunday in Advent"¹? This question we may, I think, answer without hesitation in the negative. Possibly the first traces of anything like popular use by lay folk as well as by clerics, cannot safely be thrown further back than the twelfth century, but there is strong reason to believe that within monastic enclosures the music of the Angelical Salutation was familiar to English churchmen by daily recital even before the coming of William the Conqueror. Let us examine into the matter a little more closely.

It would be impossible, in the present article, to speak at any length of those "devotional accretions," as they have been aptly called, which from the time of St. Benedict of Aniane onwards, gradually attached themselves to the monastic Office, which was the primary and essential duty of the day. Suffice it to remark, that in the first half of the eleventh century a number of supplementary services, in particular the Lauds and Vespers of All Saints, the Office for the Dead, and

¹ Rock, *Church of Our Fathers*, vol. iii. pp. 315-319.

over and above this, the Office of the Blessed Virgin, were recited daily by English monks in prolongation of the solemn Office in choir. Mr. Edmund Bishop, perhaps our highest living authority on such matters, seems inclined to attribute to pre-Norman influences the arrangement of certain of these devotional accretions which we find in two precious manuscripts at the British Museum.¹ In any case, we are safe in saying that these manuscripts are most assuredly not of later date than the year 1100.

Now in both these codices we have a very early arrangement of the daily *Cursus* or Little Office of our Lady, a form of devotion which seems to have begun about the middle of the tenth century. The Little Office was not at once generally adopted, and the writings of St. Peter Damian show clearly that it was still regarded more or less as a novelty in Italy in his own day, say about the year 1052.² The two British Museum manuscripts probably represent the usage of St. Peter Damian's time or very little later, and hence, though both of English origin, they possibly supply the best means of forming an idea of the nature of the Little Office in these early stages of its development. But what I wish more particularly to direct attention to is the fact that in both these texts the words of the Angelic Salutation, whether in the form of Antiphon, Responsory, or Versicle—we cannot always tell precisely which—are of frequent occurrence. Thus in Royal MS. 2, B, v. the *Ave Maria* seems to be introduced in some form into every hour of the Office. In most places it is only indicated by the words *Ave Maria*, but once in the Matins, where it forms part of the responsory, we find written *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum*. It would be rash to infer that wherever we find *Ave Maria* written, the whole of what we call the first part of the Hail Mary down to *fructus ventris tui* was always recited. On the contrary, I am inclined to believe that the transition from the state of a mere Scriptural quotation to that of a recognized

¹ See Mr. Bishop's Introduction upon the *Origin of the Prymer*, contributed to the edition of the Prymer published by the Early English Text Society, 1897, p. xxix. But has Mr. Bishop taken note of the fact that these Offices seem meant for private recitation? See *infra*.

² Mr. Bishop (pp. xxvi.—xxviii.) has in many important respects corrected the account of M. l'Abbé Batiffol (*History of the Roman Breviary*, pp. 183, seq. English Edit.). Cf. Dom Bäumer's *Geschichte des Breviers*, pp. 261, seq. Mr. Bishop calls attention to Hugh of Flavigny's account of Berengarius, Bishop of Verdun, c. 941 (*Monumenta Germ. SS.* viii. 365), and to the Life of St. Ulric of Augsburg (*M. G. SS.* iv. 389), as also to the Einsiedeln Canons.

devotional formula was a slow process, and that the quotation might at first terminate anywhere according to convenience. To this day the *Invitatorium* of the Little Office contains only the words *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum*, without further addition. None the less, there is certainly a probability that in some, if not most instances, the initial words set down in the manuscript are intended to stand for the greeting of the Angel and of St. Elizabeth together, for both are made familiar separately, and it must be remembered that in the Gospels the *benedicta tu in mulieribus* (blessed art thou amongst women) belongs both to the one and the other, and consequently forms a natural link between the two. However this may be, those who daily recited the *Cursus* of our Lady in the tenth and eleventh centuries must have grown thoroughly familiar with the separate clauses: *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum*, and *benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui*, which two together constitute the whole *Ave Maria* as it was known down to the end of the thirteenth century. Thus two of the responsories in the Matins of our Lady's Office, according to MS. Cotton. Tiberius, A, 3, runs as follows:

RES. Sancta et immaculata virginitas quibus te laudibus referam nescio, quia quem celi capere non poterant tuo gremio contulisti. VERS. Benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui. Quia, etc.

And again:

RES. Beata es maria que dominum portasti creatorem mundi, genuisti qui te fecit et in eternum permanens (*sic*) virgo. VERS. Ave Maria gratia plena, Dominus tecum. Genuisti, etc.

The same conclusion is suggested by other early manuscripts containing the Little Office, but not of English origin. Dom Mittarelli, for instance, has published this Office as said at St. Peter Damian's own monastery of Fons Avellanus, from which he did so much in Italy to spread this particular devotion.¹ In the text thus printed we find that the responsory at the little chapter of Prime runs thus:

Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui. VERS. Ave Maria, gratia plena, etc.²

So again in MS. Addit. 21,927, which the British Museum Catalogue describes as of the twelfth century, we have mention

¹ *Epistola*, viii. 32; *Opuscula*, x. 10, and *Life* in Migne, *P.L.* vol. 144, p. 132.

² Migne, *P.L.* vol. 151, p. 971.

of the *Ave Maria* in Prime, and in Compline we have the responsory :

Ave Maria, gratia plena, dominus tecum. VERS. Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui. Gloria, etc.¹

But the most striking of all, perhaps, is the mention of the *Ave Maria* in the already cited Cottonian MS. Tib. A, 3, of the eleventh century, occurring as it does in another devotional accretion, the daily Vespers *De Omnibus Sanctis*, and under circumstances which strongly suggest a use like our modern use. It is not necessary to give the whole Office, but after the hymn and versicle we have the *Magnificat* with its antiphon, followed by *Kyrie eleison*, *Pater noster*, AVE MARIA, and then the complete commemoration *de Beata Maria*, with antiphon, versicle, and collect. Thus :

YMNUS. Christe redemptor omnium, conversa tuos famulos. VERS. Juste autem in perpetuo vivent. ANT. Dabo sanctis meis locum nominatum in regno patris mei. PSALM. Magnificat anima. Gloria Patri. Kyrieleyson. Christeleyson. Pater noster. Et ne nos AVE MARIA GRATIA. ANT. Beata mater et innupta virgo gloriosa regina mundi, intercede pro nobis ad dominum. VERS. Post partum virgo inviolata, etc.²

And then the Office passes on to a commemoration of St. Michael. I do not see any other possible explanation of the words *Ave Maria gratia* in the position they occupy unless we understand them to supply just that sort of devotional supplement to the *Pater noster* which we are familiar with in modern times. Considering these citations, and bearing in mind the fact that the first undisputed mention of the Angelic Salutation as an independent devotional formula, though even then lacking its last clause, *et benedictus fructus ventris tui*,³ appears in the writings of St. Peter Damian, who was also a great promoter of our Lady's Little Office, I am strongly tempted to suggest that it was in the daily recitation of this same Little Office that the words of the Hail Mary first became familiar to her clients, and that the idea suggested itself that this salutation could be appropriately employed as a greeting or prayer to our Lady in private devotions.⁴

¹ Cf. also the Little Office in MS. Addit. 33,385, of the thirteenth century.

² MS. Cotton. Tib. A, 3, fol. 57 r^o.

³ Migne, *P.L.* vol. 145, p. 564; *Opusc.* xxxiii.

⁴ From the form of *Confiteor*, &c., in Prime, it seems clear that the Little Office

The passage of the *Opuscula* of St. Peter Damian to which we have just referred as furnishing the earliest undisputed instance of the use of the Hail Mary for purposes of private devotion, contains a feature which is of much importance for the right understanding of the matter before us. It tells us of a half-witted cleric who in spite of much tepidity still remained faithful to one practice of piety. He came every day before our Lady's altar and there "*bowing his head in reverence* (reverenter verticem curvans) he chanted this versicle of the Angel which the Gospel records: 'Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women.'"¹ In recompense for this act of devotion our Blessed Lady is said to have appeared to a Bishop who had threatened to deprive him of his benefice, with the warning that "her chaplain," as she styled this ignorant cleric, was not to be molested. The point to which I wish to draw attention is the act of external reverence with which the Hail Mary was accompanied, a feature which, in the story of St. Ildephonsus, already referred to (in any case an early allusion to the same prayer), takes the form of a series of genuflexions. A moment's reflection will at once make clear the motive of this external act of reverence. The words *Ave Maria*, &c., were evidently considered to be, as in truth they are, a salutation or form of greeting to our Lady. The same instinct which prompts a man to uncover his head upon coming into the presence of a superior, also suggested the profound inclination or the bending of the knee which will be found upon examination to mark almost every early allusion to the recitation of the Hail Mary, and which indeed was continued as a practice of piety for centuries afterwards. It would take a great deal too much space to go into details, but it may be sufficient to remark that the very

contained in the eleventh century MS. above referred to, Cotton. Tib. A, 3, was intended for recitation in private, not in choir. It runs thus:

"Confiteor domino deo celi et omnibus sanctis eius et tibi castissima ac beatissima virgo maria quia peccavi nimis in factis, in verbis, in cogitatione, in locutione, in pollutione mentis et corporis, et motionibus operibus [que] pravis, quibus homo mortalis peccare potest, ideo precor te sanctissima dei genitrix maria omnesque sanctos et electos dei ut oretis ad deum pro me miserrimo et peccatore."

Then follows the self-invoked absolution in this form: "Misereatur et propitius sit mihi omnipotens dominus, et dimittat mihi omnia peccata mea, preterita, presentia et future (*sic*), liberet me ab omnibus malis et conservet me deus ut habeam vitam æternam et vivam in secula seculorum. Amen.

"Indulgentiam et remissionem omnium peccatorum meorum tribuat mihi omnipotens et misericors Dominus."

¹ *Opusculum*, xxxiii. Migne, *P.L.* vol. 145, p. 546. It almost looks as if *versiculus* was here used in its technical and rubrical sense.

earliest collections of those popular stories which were known as "the Miracles of our Lady," and which reach back unquestionably to the twelfth and even the eleventh century, present many examples of this conjunction of *Ave Marias* and genuflexions. Something has already been said on this head in the first article on the Rosary, published in *THE MONTH* for October, 1900.¹ St. Aybert, in the twelfth century, recited 150 Hail Marys daily, 100 of them with genuflexions, 50 of them with prostrations. The rival in the story of *Weib und Buhlerin* of the like date says a hundred *Aves* every day with genuflexions. Of St. Louis of France, Queen Margaret's confessor tells us: "Without counting his other prayers, the holy King knelt down each evening fifty times and each time he stood upright, then knelt again and repeated slowly an *Ave Maria*."² And not to delay upon the point, we may note what is said of the Dominican nun St. Margaret, daughter of the King of Hungary († 1292), who, "whenever she came upon a statue of the most Blessed Virgin, showing reverence with her heart and with her body to the Queen of Heaven, knelt down, prostrating herself to the earth and falling upon her face paid worship (*adorabat*) with the Angelical Salutation to her, through whom joy came into the world." Furthermore, on the vigil and during the octaves of the feasts of our Lady "she offered up to her the Angelical Salutation a thousand times with a thousand prostrations, sweetly bedewing each with the spiritual savour of her tears."³ Even as late as 1374 this primitive form of devotion had been by no means forgotten, and a Carthusian monk, Reginald de Campis, who died in that year,⁴ in renouncing certain suffrages throughout the Order to which he was entitled, stipulated that those who were not priests should say for him *tria psalteria B. Virginis Mariæ cum veniis*, three psalters of our Blessed Lady with genuflexions.

When the conception is grasped that the Hail Mary is, strictly speaking, a salutation, and was originally nothing more, it becomes perhaps somewhat easier to do justice to the practice of repeating such greetings and praises in unending succession.

¹ See pp. 410, 411 note, and 413 note. Cf. Neuhaus, *Adgars Marienlegenden*, pp. 199, 227.

² See M. Sepet, *St. Louis*, Eng. Trans. p. 103. If scholars like M. Sepet are satisfied to regard this as an example of the Rosary devotion, then they must stand committed to the opinion that the Rosary is older than the time of St. Dominic.

³ See Knausz Nandor, *Vita B. Margaritæ*, p. 48.

⁴ See *Annales Ordinis Carthusiensis*, vol. vi. p. 149.

The idea is akin to that of the Holy, Holy, Holy, which we are taught to think goes up continually before the throne of the Most High. It was not such repetitions as these that our Blessed Lord condemned. The instinct is one which lies deep in human nature, and which supplies the key to many familiar observances of daily and secular life. What other justification is possible, for instance, for the intrinsically meaningless salute of one hundred and one guns that is the customary tribute to Royalty, or for the deafening and prolonged applause that greets the favourite who is honoured with a popular ovation. But in the repetition of the Hail Mary or the recital of the Rosary, we have something more than the barren external observance, and the mind of the worshipper is, or at least should be, filled the while with holy thoughts, which are a help and a stimulus in his own spiritual struggles after good. Moreover, as we may well assume (in answer to the objection constantly urged against the Hail Mary by the first Reformers, that it is not, in the strict sense of the word, a prayer¹), a humble greeting from one in need of help is equivalent to a tacit petition. Blessed Albertus Magnus, one of the early glories of the Dominican Order, who, by the way, himself commends this very practice of genuflexion in saying the Hail Mary, seems to have thoroughly realized this :

For if [he says] we salute so obsequiously and diligently, if we bare our heads, if we bow and rise to our feet and bend our knees and repeat our salutation again and again to the intimate friends and relatives and companions of the great whose counsel or support we desire to obtain, how much more should we do for the Mother, at the Court of the Great King, who can not only make efficacious petition to her only Son, but even lay her command upon Him with all a Mother's authority ?

If any one were persistently to salute some rich and powerful man, even though he be unworthy and arrogant, he would not be so ungracious as not to return the salutation, were he only conquered by the other's importunity. Think you that the Mother of Mercy, the most lowly of women, will be of more discourteous disposition. God forbid. She returns our salutations in loading us with benefits. For it is in every way probable and credible that if a man should often repeat to that blessed Madonna the Angelic Salutation—I mean the *Ave Maria*—as far as the “fruit of thy womb,” he would some day

¹ The Reformers, of course, were attacking the older form of the Hail Mary, which ended with the name of Jesus and contained no petition.

receive as a reward the same blessed fruit from the hands of that blessed Mother herself.¹

The question of the date when the Hail Mary first became so widely known as a form of prayer that a knowledge of it was considered not less obligatory upon the ordinary layman than a knowledge of the Our Father and Creed, has been so fully discussed by Mabillon and more modern writers, that it may be passed over briefly. The earliest episcopal injunction in the matter seems undoubtedly to be that of Odo, Bishop of Paris, who, in 1196, bids his clergy exhort their people to say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Salutation of the Blessed Virgin. But as an optional devotion, it had, of course, been practised and recommended at a much earlier date, and notably we find a commentary upon it, written by the Cistercian Abbot Baldwin, before he was raised to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, in 1184. In this paraphrase, Baldwin tells us :

To this salutation of the Angel, by which we daily greet the most Blessed Virgin, with such devotion as we may, we are accustomed to add the words, "and blessed is the fruit of thy womb," by the which clause Elizabeth at a later time on hearing the Virgin's salutation to her caught up and completed, as it were, the Angel's words, saying: "Blessed are thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

In the early part of the next century a knowledge of the Hail Mary, or more correctly the *Ave Maria*, for it was probably learnt in Latin, was repeatedly insisted upon by English Synods and Bishops. The earliest reference we have to it is in the Durham Synod of 1217,² which adopts in almost identical terms the Constitution of Bishop Odo of Paris. On the other hand, although the Hail Mary was widely known as a prayer long before the close of the twelfth century, its obligatory character was not recognized even among the Religious Orders until much later. No mention of it, strange to say, is to be found among the primitive Constitutions of the Dominicans, and it is only in the year 1266, nearly half a century after the death of St. Dominic, that a General Chapter of the Order at Treves prescribed that the Hail Mary should be recited along with the

¹ *De Laudibus Mariæ*, bk. i. ch. 7, n. 10. I am assuming that Blessed Albertus Magnus is the author, but the treatise, though commonly assigned to Albertus, was very probably written by Richard a S. Laurentio.

² Wilkins, *Concilia*, vol. i. p. 573.

Our Father by the lay-brothers¹ when they performed their allotted task of prayers, which, as in the case of the lay-brothers among the Cistercians, Carthusians, &c., or of the Knights of the Military Orders, had hitherto consisted of Our Fathers alone. The Hail Mary, however, had early been associated with the Our Father in the Office of the Dominicans, and the younger Order of the Servites, or Servants of Mary,² which was largely inspired by Dominican models,³ seems to have adopted the Hail Mary in their Office from the beginning. Thus we read :

Let the Hebdomadarius at the beginning of each Hour, after the *Pater noster* has been said in secret, intone aloud the verse *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum* in the same tone in which he is about to say *Deus in adjutorium meum intende*, and let the brethren reply : *Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui*. Let the reader also, before he begins the lesson, repeat the said salutation, that is to say, *Ave Maria*, as far as *fructus ventris tui* inclusively ; except in the lesson of Compline, and in the chapter *Pretiosa*, and on the three days before Easter.⁴

The Association of the *Ave Maria* with the *Pater noster* became before very long so curiously intimate that it would almost seem that the two were regarded as forming one prayer, or rather that the *Ave* was treated as a sort of insertion in the *Pater*, after the manner of the old *farsuræ* that used to be unscrupulously interpolated into the text of the *Gloria* and other liturgical canticles. I can only state the fact without attempting to explain it, but overwhelming evidence makes it clear beyond dispute that a very general practice prevailed, when the *Pater noster* was said in secret, of adding the *Ave* also in secret, before the *Et ne nos inducas in tentationem* was spoken aloud. This, at least, is repeatedly prescribed in terms which seem to leave no room for ambiguity, and this not only for public but for private recitation. Thus in MS. Cotton. Titus, C. xix. (fol. 94 v^o) we have a series of prayers attributed to R. Rolle de Hampole, which end thus :

Pater n^r. Ave Maria. Et ne nos. V. Adoramus te Christe Jhu. et benedicimus tibi, etc.

¹ Esser, in the *Historisches Jahrbuch*, 1884, p. 93.

² Ancient Constitution edited by St. Philip Benizi, c. 1272, in the *Monumenta Ordinis Servorum*, vol. i. pp. 18—54.

³ Of the Dominican Constitutions, drawn up by St. Raymond Penafort, we possess a text dating from 1254—1256. This does not mention the *Ave Maria*. (See *Archiv für Literatur- und Kirchengeschichte*, vol. v. p. 536.)

⁴ *Monumenta Ordinis Servorum*, B. V. M. vol. i. p. 28.

But there are dozens of such instances, and it will be sufficient for example's sake to appeal to such a collection of Statutes as those of King's College, Cambridge, A.D. 1443, which cannot have been drafted or copied by any illiterate person, and which prescribe that the Scholars and Fellows are to say for benefactors each day on their knees :

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, &c., with *Pater noster* and *Ave Maria*; and afterwards let one of them say with note (*i.e.*, chanting), *Et ne nos inducas, &c.*, *Domine salvum fac regem, &c.*¹

But however close may have been in this way the association between the Our Father and Hail Mary I should find it difficult to subscribe to Father Bridgett's suggestion that the one was so much regarded as the appendage of the other that a mention of Our Father and Creed might be understood to include all three. After all we are hardly justified in assuming that, common as was the use of the *Ave Maria* in the fourteenth century, it was looked upon at that date as a matter of obligatory knowledge. Accordingly, when we have in a constitution of one of the Synods of Prague (1353) a careful list of prayers to be learnt by all in the vulgar tongue: "orationem dominicam, viz. pater noster, et symbolum apostolorum, credo in deum, decem precepta majora et sex minora subditos sermone in vulgari informari non omittant,"² it seems impossible to believe that under such a phrase as "the Lord's prayer, to wit, the Our Father," the framer of the statute can possibly have meant to include the Hail Mary as well.

As to the addition of the word "Jesus," or, as it commonly ran, in the fifteenth century, "Jesus Christus, Amen," to the "fructus ventris tui" of St. Elizabeth's greeting, it is commonly said that this was due to the initiative of Pope Urban IV. A.D. 1261, and to the confirmation and indulgence of John XXII. I confess that the evidence does not seem to me sufficiently clear to warrant a positive statement on the point. Still, there can be no doubt that this was the widespread belief of the later middle ages. A popular German religious manual of the

¹ Heywood and Wright, *The Ancient Laws*, p. 108. The same is enjoined at Eton, *ib.* pp. 554, 555. Cf. again the Rule of the Bridgetine Nuns of Syon. "And nine days togyder after any suster or brother is aneled (anointed), yf they lyve so longe, the susters schal say conventually, knelyng in the quyer, syde for syde, with the oute note, the preces following: *Miserere mei Deus*, with *Gloria Patri*, *Kyrieleyson Christeleyson*, *Pater noster*, *Ave Maria*, *Et ne nos, Ostende nobis, et cetera*. (Aungier's *History of Syon*, p. 397; cf. pp. 264, 267, 271, 290, 330, 374.)

² *K. Böhmischen Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften*, bd. xii. 1863.

fifteenth century even divides the Hail Mary into four portions, and declares that the first part was composed by the Angel Gabriel, the second by St. Elizabeth, the third, consisting only of the sacred name Jesus Christus, by the Popes, and the last, *i.e.*, the word Amen, by the Church.¹

It only remains now to examine into what is perhaps the most interesting feature of the subject, the addition of the



Woodcut from R. Pynson's Edition of the *Kalender of Shepards*, 1506—
The Hail Mary.

"Hayle mari ful of grace, or lorde be w the."

"Thou art blesid of al wimen and in thi womb ihs."

clause, "Holy Mary, Mother of God," with its final petition. Despite the rather wild theorizing of some earlier writers, of Baronius for instance, and Cardinal Bona, who maintained that the concluding part of the Hail Mary was drawn up by the assembled Fathers at the Council of Ephesus, it has long been recognized that the words "Holy Mary," &c., are a comparatively modern addition to the original *Ave*. The first authoritative recognition of this supplementary clause in its present form seems to be found in the Roman Breviary of Pope St. Pius V., printed in 1568. Previously to this certain isolated *Hore* and other liturgical volumes occur containing similar additions, though these for the most part are not verbally

¹ *Der Selen Troist*. First Edition. Cologne, 1474. Part ii. Many subsequent editions were published of this work.

identical with that at present in use. From the evidence before him Mabillon concluded that "no second part of the Hail Mary, properly so called, was known before the sixteenth century." This, however, as Esser, Bridgett, and other modern writers have shown, is certainly a mistake. More than a hundred years before the revolt of Luther many verse paraphrases of the *Ave* were known which clearly imply the existence of a custom of adding some petition to our Lady after the words *fructus ventris tui, Jesus*. Perhaps the most famous of these is the free Italian rendering of the *Ave* attributed to Dante († 1321) and beginning "Salve Regina Vergine Maria." This exhibits a conspicuous "second part" closely analogous to that now in use. It runs thus:

O Vergin benedetta, sempre tu
Ora per noi a Dio, che ci perdoni,
E diaci grazia a viver sì guaggiù,
Che'l paradiso al nostro fin ci doni.

Unfortunately, the authenticity of this paraphrase is not admitted by Dante scholars,¹ though it seems, in any case, unquestionably to belong to the fourteenth century. I am led, therefore, to appeal to a Provençal poem, printed by M. Paul Meyer, in *Romania*, as the earliest monument I have yet come across of a second part to the Hail Mary. Certain memoranda in the manuscript show that the transcriber, one Peyre de Serras, copied the miscellaneous contents of his volume, about the year 1354. The poems it contains are therefore of older date, and one of these is headed: "Aysi commensa l'*Ave Maria* en roman."² The paraphrase is very free, and I may confess that in many places I should be in difficulties if I were called on to translate it, but one can make out sufficient to see that it possesses a conspicuously marked second part bearing a close analogy to our familiar "pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death."

Coming a little nearer our own times, we are next confronted by a manuscript which is believed to be in the hand of St. Antoninus of Florence himself, and which consequently dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. In this we find the *Ave Maria* word for word as we are accustomed to recite it now.

¹ My friend Mr. Edmund Gardner tells me that the so-called *Credo di Dante* which contains this *Ave Maria* is unquestionably spurious, though it was fabricated probably very near to Dante's own time.

² *Romania*, 1885, p. 492.

Seeing, however, that the identification of handwriting is always open to some little uncertainty, I prefer to call attention to Savonarola's commentary on the *Ave Maria*, printed about 1495, a copy of which extremely rare edition is in the British Museum. The text of the *Ave Maria* stands at the head of the commentary, and it only differs from our present form by the absence of the word *nostræ*. The very arrangement of the type, which is here closely imitated, shows how completely the two parts were by this time welded together.

Expositione del Reverendissimo in Christo padre Frate Hieronymo da Ferrara dellordine de predicatori sopra la oratione della Vergine gloriosa, Composta da lui in lingua vulgare ad instancia dicerte (*sic*) devote suore Ferrarese.

Ave Maria gratia plena Dominus tecum
Benedicta Tu in mulieribus, et benedictus
Fructus ventris tui Iesus sancta Maria
mater Dei ora pro nobis peccatoribus nunc et in
hora mortis Amen.

The probabilities point strongly to the conclusion that the second part of the Hail Mary took its rise in Italy. The shorter form of the *Ave* stopping at *Jesus*, seems at the end of the fifteenth century to have been the exception there and not the rule. In France, Germany, and England, though the Hail Mary is occasionally found with additions, such forms are distinctly much the less frequent. A remark made about these additions in the book called *The Mirror of our Lady*, whether it be due to the fifteenth century author or only to the editor of the edition of 1530, is worthy of notice. "Some say, at the beginning of this salutation '*Ave benigne Jesu*,' and some say after '*Maria, mater Dei*,' with other such additions at the end also. And such things may be said when folk say their *Aves* of their own devotion. But in the service of the Church, I trow it be most sure and most needful to obey to the common use of saying as the Church hath set, without all such additions." But we have even more explicit evidence than this that the developed form of the *Ave*, if rare in France and England before the Reformation, was certainly not unknown. One of the most sumptuous books printed in Paris in the last decade of the fifteenth century is the *Compost et Kalendrier des Bergiers*, Englished as *The Kalender of Shepardys*. While containing much information about miscellaneous topics such as the

Calendar, gardening operations, and the anatomy of the human frame, the greater part of the book is occupied with religious matters, and brief instructions are given on the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Creed, the Commandments, &c.

The book in due time was translated into English by a Scotchman resident in Paris, and was printed there in 1503, in a most curious jargon, partly due to the translator, partly, no



Woodcut from R. Pynson's Edition of the *Kalender of Sheparyds*, 1506—
The Hail Mary.

"Holy mary moder of God pray for us synners."

doubt, to the blunders of the French composers. Three years later, the London printer, Richard Pynson, had a new translation made, and he brought out, at his own press, an edition which is amongst the rarest and most prized of early English printed books. Only one copy is known to exist, that now preserved at the British Museum, and it has had to be protected on both sides of each page with a covering of transparent paper. The photographs from which the two cuts of the present article are reproduced, have, therefore, had to be taken under difficulties. The two illustrations will sufficiently explain themselves, but it is interesting to remark, that even at this date the addition to the Hail Mary must have been regarded as something more than an excrescence of private devotion, seeing that it is thus

conspicuously attributed to the authority of the Pope and the Church. Accompanying the illustrations, which are copied from the French edition of 1493, is the text of the Hail Mary, together with a few brief explanations, as follows :

Hayle mary fulle of grace god is with the, thou arte blessyd amonge all wemen and blessyd be the freute of thy wombe Jesus. Holy mary mother of God praye for us synners, amen. ¶ In this ave marie be the iii mesteris. ¶ The fyrste is the salutacyon that aungell gabryell made. ¶ The secounde is the lovyng commendacyon that saynt Elysabeth made, moder to saynt John Baptyste. ¶ The thyerde is the supplicacyon, that makes our mother the holy chirche. And they be the fayrest wordes that we can say to oure lady. That is Ave maria where we do love and praye and speke to hyr. ¶ And these swete wordes be spoke to our lady. And not to saynt katheryn, nor to saynt barbara, nor to no other saynt.¹

After the appearance of the Breviary of 1568, a certain measure of uniformity was soon attained throughout most of the Catholic countries of Europe, but variant local forms lingered in many districts for more than a century. Indeed I am informed that, within living memory, it was not an uncommon thing for Irish peasants, when bidden to say Hail Marys for a penance, to ask whether they were required to say the Holy Marys too.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ The colophon of this edition reads : "Here endeth the Kalender of Shepardys drawen out of Frenche into Englyshe in the honowre of Jhesu Cryste and his blessyd mother Mary and all the sayntes of heven. Imprynt at London in Flete Strete at the sygne of the George by Rycharde Pynson the dat of oure Lorde, a. MCCCCC and VI."

[NOTE. Since the above article was in type I have noticed another eleventh century instance of the liturgical use of the *Ave Maria*, &c., seemingly as versicle and response. It occurs in the rite for the reception of an archbishop's pall, as found in the MS. Pontifical of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and it is used as the versicle before the collect of our Lady. There is nothing to tell us positively how the versicle and response were divided, but it is at least possible, if not probable, that the versicle was : "Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum," and the answer, "Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui." The quotation from MS. CCCC.44 is in *Three Coronation Orders* (Henry Bradshaw Society), p. 172.]

On the Evolution of Art.

PART III.

WE have already drawn attention in two foregoing articles to a certain uniform order of progression that is observable in the development of all great arts, however much they may differ in individual and local particulars. This order of progression was defined as a gradual passage from subjectivity to objectivity—a gradual transition from a predominant regard for significance to an almost exclusive regard for form. And it was found to proceed through four more or less clearly marked stages: an initial stage of *symbolism*, inspired by vivid religious imagination, when technique is as yet incompetent to do more than vaguely denote a sacred meaning by some arbitrary sign; an advanced stage of *expression* when a perfected technique is able to give full embodiment to the ideal elements of the subject-matter; a *decorative* stage when the resources of the æsthetic medium are so highly developed that the charm of form is cultivated and prized quite apart from all spiritual significance; a stage of reactionary *realism* aiming at fidelity of imitative representation, but sooner or later degenerating into the pursuit of technical skill as the sole end of artistic effort. Finally, in those cases where the civilization of a people outlives the natural life of their art, the latter is artificially prolonged in various phases of eclectic revivalism.

We now propose briefly to follow the history of Christian and post-Christian art in reference to its development through the four above-mentioned stages and its contemporary condition of eclecticism. The limits of space at our disposal obviously place severe restrictions upon the adequate treatment of a subject that would repay minute and elaborate study. All that can here be attempted is to sketch in broad outlines the course of Christian art development, noting its parallelism with the course pursued by the ancient arts, and its conformity to what appears to be a general law of art evolution.

Christian art began as the great heathen arts had begun, with a series of symbolic signs and figures denoting religious conceptions and ideas. The chief scene of its earliest achievement, as far as this can be localized by existing remains, was in the Catacombs of Rome; and its most important manifestations were in the fresco-paintings on the walls and vaults of these subterranean cemeteries, and in the bronze lamps and gilded glasses (for the eucharistic wine) that were frequently placed in the tombs. The workmanship in general was of a very inferior order, the forms were devoid of all specific character, and the treatment shows the uncertainty and inexperience of an art in its infancy.

The rise of Christian art is, however, somewhat complicated by the fact that it took place in immediate contact with the decline of pagan art. The production of the first sacred works of Christian art was without doubt simultaneous with the production of much profane work of the Roman decadence. The workmen employed by the Christians had in all probability learnt their craft in pagan schools; in any case, they must certainly have been acquainted with pagan methods and models. And although they may in this way have acquired a certain proficiency in execution and design which is apparent in their treatment of decorative devices, their pagan training was no qualification, but rather a hindrance, to their adequate rendering of Christian ideas. This, in conjunction with the fact that the Christians were probably unable to command the services of the best contemporary artists, and that those employed must have worked in a very bad light, will account both for the inferior workmanship and the pagan reminiscences the art of the Catacombs displays. Indeed, many of the art-forms used as Christian symbols were directly derived from pagan sources. And not only devices, but even actual materials—such as, for example, the slabs of ancient sarcophagi, &c.—which had originally served pagan purposes, were adapted by the Christians to the requirements of their art. Thus, it may be said that literally as well as metaphorically, the foundations of the new art were laid with remnants from the old.

This association of old and new has led some writers into the indiscriminating assertion that the art of the Catacombs can only be considered as an offshoot of pagan art, that the practice of art by the early Christians was itself but the continuance of a pagan habit, and that the rise of true Christian art is to be

dated many centuries later with the first definite appearance of the Gothic style. This opinion, though rejected by the most competent modern critics, is still in some quarters vigorously championed. Besides implying a radical misconception of the mutual relation of significance and form in the development of art, it discounts the whole achievement of the symbolic period—that time of effort and exercise which, extending over a thousand years, was a prelude to the evolution of those creative types that represent the expressive stage of Christian art. The existence of an art must be dated, not from the moment when it attains maturity, but from the moment of its birth, and includes the whole period of feebleness and dependence that coincides with its infancy and early growth. And if significance, the purely ideal element of inspiration, is to count for anything in art—and in religious art this should assuredly be reckoned as an essential—then the first beginnings of Christian art must date from the earliest attempts to convey and externalize under an art-form the beliefs, aspirations, and sentiments of Christian Faith. It belonged to a much later period to realize a Christian ideal in types that were determinately Christian in character—this harmony between idea and form being the distinctive mark of a fully developed art, the goal of long striving, and the result of acquired mastery. The art of the Catacombs is undeniably Christian in significance, though it may admittedly often be pagan in form. But by virtue of the Christian meanings with which these pagan forms were invested, by virtue of the message of Faith they conveyed to the initiated, it is entitled to rank as the first-fruits of Christian artistic effort. Indeed, the connection between Christian thought and pagan forms as manifested in early Christian art was neither an organic nor a vital connection; it was never more than the purely accidental connection of symbolic association. The relation between a symbol and the thing symbolized is in the case of all primitive symbols indefinitely variable and entirely arbitrary; it may be more or less apparent; it does not consist in any obvious or in any intrinsic resemblance; and it is wholly independent of the primary significance of the symbol employed. One of the most frequent symbols of early Christian art was that which denoted our Lord by the figure of a fish. This symbolic association of a supreme idea with a common-place object was due to the pure accident that the letters of the Greek word fish, *ΙΧΘΥΣ*, were the initials of our

Lord's titles of Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. Another favourite motive with the earliest Christian artificers was the symbolic representation of our Lord as Orpheus. Here we have a figure directly borrowed from heathen art and illustrative of a heathen myth, but which, nevertheless, as the accepted sign of a Christian idea was, we may feel sure, dispossessed of all pagan significance to the reverent worshippers in the Catacombs. For the primary and apparent meaning of an object symbolically employed is entirely effaced by the secondary significance with which to the initiated it is subjectively invested. To the early Christians Orpheus suggested Christ, and Christ alone, the connecting link here lying in an imaginary analogy between the power of Orpheus' music over the inhabitants of Hades and the power of Christ's presence, as Lord of the Resurrection, over departed souls. And the pagan character of the art-form employed in no way militated against its value as a Christian symbol.

It is, however, undeniable that among a small minority of Christian writers voices were raised in protest against the growing artistic activity of the Christians. This may be attributed partly to the accustomed association of all forms of art achievement with heathen culture, and partly to an aversion inherited or acquired from Judaism to the expression of religious ideas in plastic forms. In any case the iconoclasm of the eighth century, was undoubtedly heralded in the earliest centuries. The circumstance has been made much of by certain Protestant writers as an argument against what they term the "image-worship" of the Catholic Church, and it has given rise to considerable controversy. It would be beyond our present limits to enter into this matter, which has been ably dealt with by the latest German historian of Christian art, Franz Zaver Kraus, who points out that as the two most explicit protestors—Tertullian and Eusebius—were both attainted with heresy, their utterances cannot be taken as representative of the feeling of orthodox Christianity. That the art instinct is not an essentially pagan instinct, but a natural and inherent *human* instinct, is established by the fact that it has been manifested alike by peoples of all races, all religions, all varieties of physical and mental environment, and that it was a very strong impulse with the early Christians may be gleaned by the allusions of both Eusebius and Tertullian to the widespread activity of the Christian artists, and the widespread diffusion of Christian works of art.

Coming now to the actual productions of early Christian art, the oldest remains of which date from the end of the first century, we find that the subjects treated embraced almost the whole range of Christian belief. We say *almost*, because one aspect of Christian doctrine was intentionally withheld from the contemplation of the faithful. The suffering Church, the men who were enduring persecution, deprivation, martyrdom, for the sake of the faith that was in them, needed all the solace, and encouragement, and promise that religion can bestow. For them there was no necessity to dwell on the terrors that await the unfaithful, or on the obligation of that self-immolation of which their own lives and deaths were daily embodiments. Therefore such subjects as the Last Judgment, the anger of the Avenging Christ, the anguish of the Crucifixion, the pains of martyrdom—all that might distress, or disturb, or perplex—are excluded from the domain of early Christian art. To those, too, who were barely more than one generation removed from our Lord's manifestation on earth, it was superfluous to insist upon the fact of His Humanity, while on the contrary, there was every reason amidst the constant trials and dangers of His persecuted followers to foster Christian hope and strengthen Christian faith by evoking the remembrance of His Divinity. It is therefore in His two aspects of Supreme Mercy and Supreme Power that our Lord is chiefly represented in the art of the Catacombs. Round this central motive of art and central doctrine of religion, are grouped a whole series of subjects suggestive of the miraculous powers of the Church, of the spiritual deliverance of the Redemption, of the conformity of the New Law with the Prophecies of the Old. The resurrection of the dead represented under a variety of figures (of which the raising of Lazarus is one of the most frequent) is, as might be expected, an oft-repeated theme. The idea of deliverance, of Divine intervention and rescue at the moment of an extremity of human need—an idea which is itself emblematic of the Redemption—is variously imaged in the sacrifice of Abraham, the deliverance of Daniel from the lions' den, of the youths from the fiery furnace, of Jonah from the mouth of the whale. The Church, divinely protected amidst the menaces of surrounding heathenism, is symbolized as the Ark of Noah, while the Patriarch himself, in the opinion of some critics, figures as a prototype of St. Peter. A ship, reminiscent of the bark of St. Peter, battling victoriously against the waves,

and with, in some instances, a mast shaped as a cross, is another favourite representation of the Church, though it may also have some abstract general reference to the struggles of Christian effort. And in one or two cases, this symbol is modified into that of Odysseus in his ship, struggling not against the elements, but against the allurements of the sirens. The Sacraments of the Church, especially that of Baptism and the Eucharist, are again constant themes of the art of the Catacombs. The Last Supper is represented in a very large number of frescoes—the meal almost invariably consisting of bread and fish, which, when we remember that the latter was the recognized symbol of our Lord, points to a direct allusion to the doctrine of Transubstantiation. Owing to an obvious association with the Eucharistic idea, the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and that of the marriage-feast of Cana, both of which are illustrative of our Lord's power over the physical conditions of matter, were amongst the earliest representations of the miracles. And contemporaneous with, if not rather anterior to, these, is that of the raising of Lazarus, which represents Him as the Lord of life and death. Later on, in the church frescoes and mosaics of post-Constantine art, these are supplemented by a very complete series of the miracles of healing. Prayer as an essential of the Christian life has also a foremost place in early Christian art, and is rendered under the symbol of figures with outstretched arms, known as *Orantes*.

The two main objects of the early Church were to convert the heathen by establishing the divine claim of Christianity, and to convince the Jews by reconciling the fulfilment of the New Law with the expectation of the Old. The calling of the heathen was frequently typified in the theme of the Adoration of the Magi, which also, we believe, was the first occasion of the introduction of our Lady into art. The effort to demonstrate the correspondence of the Christian with the Jewish Scriptures was never lost sight of, and is without doubt the reason why the truths of Christian doctrine were so often conveyed under the imagery of biblical scenes. Thus, Adam is frequently introduced as the prototype of Christ; and Moses, who as the guardian of the Old Law, foreshadows Peter, the guardian of the New, appears as the central figure in a variety of situations. The favourite episode of his striking water from a barren rock is probably used as a symbol of the living soul issuing from an inanimate body, and as such

symbolizes the Resurrection; his guidance of the Children of Israel in their exodus from Egypt typifies Peter's leadership of the faithful; while the heaven-sent manna bestowed in answer to his prayers, is an obvious figure of the Divine food of the Eucharist. These are but a few out of the many subjects with which Christian art transformed the bare walls and vaults of the Catacombs into a monumental imagery of Christian faith.

With regard to the character of the art-forms employed, these may be divided into two broad categories: those that were derived from heathen sources, and those that were evolved from the parabolic and metaphorical language of the Christian and Jewish writings. Belonging to the former category, we have, firstly, such figures as those of Orpheus and Odysseus, in which expressive forms of pagan art were invested with a symbolical Christian meaning. The old Aryan solar symbol of the Gammadion and the Egyptian sign of life, the Crux Ansata, both occasionally appear in Christian art as, probably, modifications of the Cross. And secondly, we find a number of heathen symbols directly adopted by the Christians and retaining their original significance. For instance, the palm symbolized victory alike to heathens and Christians, though with the latter it was gradually specialized into the sign of the martyr's triumph. The olive, a pagan emblem of peace dedicated to Athene, was extensively used by the Christians with the same meaning, though shorn of its association with the Hellenic goddess. The peacock, ancient attribute of Juno, Queen of the celestial regions, frequently appears in the frescoes of the Catacombs, as the token of incorruptibility. The phoenix, an old Egyptian symbol of unquenchable life, well known in Rome, was introduced into Christian art about the fourth century as an emblem of immortality. The nimbus, common to many ancient arts as a sign of pre-eminence and distinction, appears in Christian art from the end of the fourth century onwards as the sign *par excellence* of holiness.

In the second category, among the most prevalent forms derived from the figurative language of the Sacred Writings are those of the good shepherd and the lamb, as symbols of our Lord. The former, representing the Saviour as a youthful shepherd with short tunic and mantle, generally bearing the lost sheep upon His shoulders, is the oldest as well as the most frequent figure under which the idea of Divine compassion was rendered in art. The hart is another scripturally derived

symbol, which, represented drinking at a stream that flows from a mount surmounted by the lamb, is emblematic of the desire for regeneration in the waters of Baptism. Another is that of the dove, which originally appears to have signified simplicity, and when associated with the olive-branch, innocence and peace. Thence it became symbolic of the departed souls of the just—the *anima innocens*, *anima simplex* of the inscription, with which in one instance it is accompanied.

Besides these figurative images, there is yet a third category of symbolic signs which may be said to consist in alphabetical devices. Of these, the best known is the monogram of Christ, composed of the first two letters of the Greek name *ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ*. After the triumph of Christianity, this device, which had previously occasionally appeared on lamps and tomb-slabs of the earliest centuries, replaced the Roman eagle on the Imperial standard, or *labarum*, and became a representative sign of Christian faith. Analogous to this, but of rather later date, is the monogram of the initial letters of *Alpha* and *Omega*, which was extensively used on the shields and sarcophagi of post-Constantine art. The sacred symbol of the fish was also of alphabetical derivation, and the abbreviated form of the word *ΙΗΣΟΥΣ*, Jesus, which first became prevalent in the ninth century, remains to this day a favourite monogrammatic design of sacred art.

Apart from this religious symbolism, there are examples even in the earliest frescoes of the Catacombs of a certain richness of decoration that is naturally foreign to the executive inability of the early, symbolic stage of art. That this was due to the pagan training of the workmen employed, there can be little doubt. The delicate tracery of vine leaves in St. Domitilla and a beautiful scroll of olive-branches in the *Crypta Quadrata* of St. Prætextatus are well-known examples of this early ornamental work. But while in these and analogous cases, the presence of a decorative aim cannot be denied, yet in every case the decorative elements employed are clearly symbolical in character. The olive, as we know, was the emblem of peace; and the birds which in this instance are introduced among the branches may, with every probability, be an allusion to the state of the souls of the blessed. The vine, though extensively used in pagan decoration, had a Christian (possibly a Eucharistic) symbolic meaning derived from the figurative words of our Lord in the Gospel of St. John xv. ;

and both in early frescoes and later mosaics, it was frequently associated with the Good Shepherd and with the Cross.

It is perhaps worth mentioning here that the symbolic character of this early art has been ascribed by some writers to the Christian habit of concealment which was necessitated by repeated persecutions. While admitting that the use of symbol enabled the Christians to convey a far wider range of religious significance in their art without danger of discovery by their enemies than would have been possible had they given it realistic expression, we, nevertheless, hold that the early symbolic tendency is attributable primarily, not to any external effect of circumstance, but to a fundamental principle of art evolution. This opinion is based not only on the conformity manifested in this respect by all art developments, but also on the fact that Christian art retained its symbolic character for at least eight hundred years after the cessation of persecution. Although after the triumph of Christianity, when artists worked without fear of pagan spies and were indeed often encouraged by the direct patronage of the Emperor, there was some attempt at historical narrative in the treatment of scenes from the life of our Lord, yet through all the permutations of style that preceded the development of the expressive art of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the general dominance of symbolism remained unchanged. And even in the attempts at narrative (which were always enriched with some symbolical accessories), the gulf between the idea and the form was as wide—though here unintentionally—as it deliberately is in the case of pure symbolism.

With the conversion of Constantine in the fourth century and the consequent liberty of the Church, a change came over the life of the Christians, which soon found its reflection in their art. They were now no longer a persecuted sect, bound together by the bonds of a hidden faith and a common danger, separated from the bulk of their fellow-citizens by mutual antipathy and distrust. Their religion was proclaimed; they were victorious, free, secure. Their numbers were multiplied by the addition of many hasty converts prompted more by expediency than conviction. The barriers of their exclusiveness had crumbled. They took their part in the life of the State, and were members of the State religion. But an empire cannot change its religion in a day. And the free intermingling of Christians with pagans, or with those who were pagan in all but

name, inevitably led to the infiltration of a certain lingering atmosphere of paganism into Christian thought and feeling. Corresponding to this phase in the life of the period we find that the imagery of Christian art is considerably increased by the temporary intrusion of many elements of Roman profane art. There is a freer play of decoration, a more frequent use of mythological motives, and an occasional extension of the subject-matter beyond the limits of sacred themes. The Church, in one sense at least, was no longer at enmity with the world. From the moment the Cross was borne aloft on the Imperial standard, the Imperial dignity was viewed in another aspect. It received the acknowledgment of a grateful homage, and it was accorded a place in Christian art. The founding of the Eastern capital had led to the recovery of many ancient works of classic art. And it was owing partly to the effect they produced, partly to the general breaking-down of religious prejudices, that, for the space of about a century, sculpture which, as the typical art of paganism, had been eschewed by the early Christians, now took a foremost place in Christian art. Constantine, as well as several of his successors, was an enthusiastic patron of the arts. He built churches, called together artists for their decoration, and established schools that served indiscriminately for the production of Christian and of profane works. From the same *atelier* issued a bust of Cæsar and a statue of the Good Shepherd, and there can be little doubt that the frequent representations on bas-reliefs, shields, medals, &c., of the Emperor enthroned in his robes and insignia of State furnished the first model for representations of the Saviour enthroned in glory. As a consequence, we find that a strange confusion of Christian and pagan elements is visible on the existing remains of sarcophagi dating from the fourth and fifth centuries. While Christian in subject, there is often a profusion of decorative motives—*putti*, masks, medusa-heads, genii with reversed torches, which though generally capable of some symbolical interpretation, are yet insufficiently related to the central religious significance. Æsthetically, these reliefs are as a rule far superior to the crude fresco-work of the Catacombs; and in execution and distribution are reminiscent of the vigour and the grace of an earlier classic period. Indeed, in the general achievement of Constantine art, it would seem as if the dying classic genius had been transitorily revived by the strength of Christian

inspiration, although its forms, as essentially alien to the Christian spirit, were unable to render Christian ideas otherwise than under the veil of symbol or analogy.

With the triumph of Christianity and the founding of the great Christian Basilicas, the Catacombs were abandoned as places of general worship, though for some seventy years more they continued to be used on occasion as burial-places, and, as depositories of the relics of the martyrs, they were maintained for over four centuries longer as devotional shrines. Consequent upon the foundation of Christian baptisteries and basilica churches, the fourth century witnessed the rise of mosaic, which thenceforward for eight hundred years was to be the typical art of Christianity. Oriental in its origin, proceeding from the great civilizations of Mesopotamia, mosaic was extensively used in Pagan Rome for ornamental pavements; but it was reserved for Christian art to apply it murally to pictorial and representative imagery. In thus adapting it to a new purpose, Christian art discovered new possibilities in mosaic, and, realizing them for her own requirements, to some extent appropriated it and endowed it with a religious character. And although the rise of mosaic-work coincided with a period of strong pagan influence, and the earliest examples show a leaning towards pagan sculptural forms, yet the absence of all actual pagan models allowed of its independent development into a suitable vehicle for the conveyance of Christian ideas. The natural limitations of mosaic, its inherent incompetence as a medium of realistic expression, led to its abandonment in the expressive stage of art for the more finely delineative capabilities of painting. But the achievements of the great mosaicists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, culminating in the work of Torriti, the Cosmati, and Cavallini, undoubtedly exercised an important influence upon the development of the expressive period, and stimulated the Christian imagination into the outburst of creative power that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries at last realized a long-sought ideal. Mosaic having reached its highest attainment, painting took up the thread, and touched the uttermost goal of religious expression that is permitted to art.

It may be as well, before proceeding further, to forestall a possible objection which, on the ground of the decorative character of mosaic, might be made against the whole theory of art evolution here advanced. If, it might be said, such an

essentially decorative form of art as mosaic represents the earliest, or symbolic, period of Christian art, how can the decorative period of art be placed among its later phases of development? In the first paper of this series, when considering the several distinctive aims or impulses of art production, their possible association was not only admitted, but their tendency to associate was insisted upon as a factor in the growth of art, leading up to their complete co-operation in the zenith of development, and being succeeded by their disintegration in the periods of decline. In the case of the Christian mosaics in question, it must be remembered that although as finished wholes they served an ornamental purpose, and were decoratively related to the architecture they adorned, yet the subjects treated were handled symbolically, and were developed primarily, at all events, in reference to their religious significance rather than to their æsthetic possibilities. Decoratively related to its external surroundings, Christian mosaic was throughout symbolically related to its subject-matter.

To return from this digression, the earliest Christian mosaics are those in the baptistery of St. Constanza, of which only a small part, covering sections of the vault, is still preserved. In general character they give evidence of the pagan influence of the period. In one section a tracery of vine-leaves surrounds the bust of a female figure, supposed to be Constantia, the daughter of Constantine. In others are various motives of fruit, flowers, and birds; in one appears the myth of Cupid and Psyche, in another the Christian emblem of lambs. In a lunette over one of the doors, Christ is represented between two palm-trees, receiving the homage of SS. Peter and Paul. Far grander and more Christian in feeling is the famous mosaic in the apse of St. Pudentiana, representing Christ enthroned amongst the Apostles, a subject that constantly re-appears in the art of victorious Christianity. A symbolical variation of this theme is found in the Cappella di S. Giovanni, attached to the baptistery of the Lateran, where the lamb, amidst a trellis-work of leaves and flowers, is represented crowned with the nimbus, and with two doves on either side. Amongst the most important mosaics of the fifth century are those in Sta. Maria Maggiore. On the triumphal arch of this church is represented a richly-decorated throne, flanked by stately figures of the two chief Apostles, and surrounded by a jewelled cross. Above, on a blue ground, are the symbols of the Evangelists. Beneath, on

either side, are scenes from the life of our Lady, including the Annunciation, the Presentation, the Adoration of the Magi. In the last-named the Holy Child is represented seated upon a throne, as is also our Lady in the scene of the Annunciation, the regal character given to both Mother and Son being significant of contemporary feeling. The mosaics of the nave are now hardly distinguishable. As described by early writers, they consisted of twenty-seven biblical scenes, some of which, as the deliverance of the children of Israel from captivity, had a direct bearing on the liberation of the Christian Church. On the triumphal arch of S. Paolo fuori le Muri is a somewhat ill-executed mosaic of the fifth century representing the aureoled half-figure of Christ in glory with an adoring multitude of the blessed on either side, and above, the symbols of the Evangelists. The mosaics of the Church of SS. Cosmo and Damian date from the following century, and represent, on the triumphal arch, the Lamb enthroned amidst angels, lighted candelabra, and the Evangelistic signs; and in the apse, the figure of the triumphant Saviour supported by SS. Peter and Paul, the titular Saints, and Popes Theodore and Felix IV. In all these last mentioned works, every trace of pagan influence has disappeared, the decorative symbols are no longer drawn from pagan sources, but from the imagery of the Apocalypse, and the general handling is that of the somewhat rigid, severe manner known as the Byzantine style and which was paramount in all mediæval mosaic-work.

With the removal of the Capital in 405 from Rome to Ravenna, the latter city became the centre of Christian art, and the scene of some of its greatest achievements. Of these the earliest were those produced in the middle of the fifth century under the regency of Gallia Placida. In the vault of the octagonal baptistery of S. Giovanni in Fonte, built in 410, is a medallion of the Baptism of Christ surrounded by figures of the twelve Apostles clad in antique robes, and separated from one another by tall, acanthus scrolls. Beneath these and surmounting the arcades are eight Prophets of the Old Law. Entirely Christian in feeling, these mosaics yet show a classic handling of the draperies and figures; while the introduction of such decorative items as jewelled thrones, chairs of state for the Emperor and Bishop, richly worked altars bearing the Gospels, point to an appreciative recognition of the ceremonial of imperial and ecclesiastical dignity. The idea of majestic authority manifested alike in Church and State, and taken as

a type of Divine Omnipotence, runs through the whole of Constantine, and post-Constantine, art. Another very beautiful example of this period is the well-known lunette in the mausoleum of Gallia Placida. In a pastoral scene the Good Shepherd, vested in a purple mantle, and crowned with the nimbus, is seated in the attitude of a Cæsar, holding the Cross in lieu of sceptre. Around Him amidst rocks and verdure are grouped six lambs. While classic in its handling of form and in its exquisite distribution, this mosaic is entirely free from the intrusion of any pagan motives of decoration.

Among the greatest artistic achievement of the sixth century was the building and the decoration of St. Vitale. The church was completed by the Emperor Justinian; and the walls of the tribune are devoted to two large ceremonial representations in honour of the Imperial ruler and his consort Theodora. In the one, the Emperor, clad in purple robes and crowned with nimbus and with diadem, and accompanied by his courtiers, one of whom bears a shield with a large monogram of Christ, is presenting a richly chased golden bowl to Maximinian, Bishop of Ravenna, at whose instance these mosaics were executed. In the other, Theodora, attended by her ladies, is represented entering the church with gifts. These mosaics are entirely Byzantine in manner, and show the stiff, Oriental immobility, the peculiar mingling of austerity with sumptuousness which is characteristic of the Byzantine style. That subjects so apparently outside the domain of religious sentiment should find a place in religious art, is to be attributed to the particular external conditions that attended the growth of Christianity. The relation of the Church to the Imperial power was one of the greatest moment, as the prescribed Church of the first three centuries had realized full well when this relation was that of persecutor and persecuted. When through the action of one Emperor, the hidden creed of a hunted sect was suddenly acknowledged as the supreme moral force of an empire, when under Imperial protection the Church entered upon freedom, power, the possession of temporal rights and dominion, the general feeling of Christians must have been one of intense rejoicing and thanksgiving for the blessing of a Christian ruler, and of keen solicitude that the supreme temporal authority should remain with one of their own faith. By the conversion of Constantine, the Imperial power had been exalted into an instrument in God's hand for the liberation and protection of

the Church, and as such we may feel sure that it became a constant object of Christian offerings of prayer and praise. And as art in her subjective period, concerns herself with everything that enters vividly into the religious life, it was natural that this motive of common Christian thanksgiving and Christian rejoicing should find its place in Christian art. And the precedent given in the Constantine age established a tradition for succeeding centuries. That the genesis of the mosaics in question was due, as some historians allege, to the personal policy of Bishop Maximinian, is possible, though not proven; but that their tenour could in no way have been contrary to the general feeling of the faithful, is evident from the prominent position given them in one of the most important churches of the capital. The remaining mosaics of St. Vitale are chiefly representative of biblical scenes and figures treated as types of the new dispensation; while in the apse recurs the favourite theme of the enthroned Saviour, majestically seated on the globe and attended by angels, with St. Vitale and Bishop Ecclesius, the founder of the church. Above Him, two angels bear a disc, in the centre of which is a radiated monogram of the initials of Alpha and Omega, and on either side are two crudely executed buildings signifying the cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem. The features of the central figure of this mosaic, which otherwise is Byzantine in character, show a reversion to the earlier pagan rendering of our Lord as a beardless youth—the so-called Apollo type—the conservation of extreme youth in manhood here being adopted as a symbolic mode of conveying the idea of His eternal immunity from the conditions of time.

The fifth and sixth centuries witnessed the transition from the influence of decaying paganism to the orientally-derived manner of the Byzantine style. The earlier effort after classic modelling and classic handling of drapery, to which the material of mosaic did not naturally lend itself, was replaced by a severe rigidity of form and outline combined with a lavish splendour of accessory, symbolically treated, that was far more in harmony with the medium employed. And although Byzantine mosaic was not destined to be the ultimate artistic expression of Christian thought and feeling, yet, in its freedom from all non-Christian associations, in its peculiar power of symbolic suggestion and its consequent force of imaginative appeal, it to a great extent responded to Christian aspiration, and became

identified with the Christian spirit. From the seventh to the twelfth centuries the monuments of Italy from the Alps to the reverses of Sicily bear witness to the constant activity of the mosaicists, and there is hardly a church of the period that does not contain some relic of their work. Throughout all these productions, into which it would be impossible here to enter in detail, one dominant effort prevails; the effort, namely, to convey in visible imagery the idea of divine majesty, and to represent our Lord in His character of King of kings, Supreme Ruler of Heaven and earth. The favourite theme is therefore that of the enthroned Saviour, attended by angels and receiving the homage of His glorified saints. And alternating with this is that of the exaltation of our Blessed Lady as the Queen of the Universe. Such lofty conceptions as these—conceptions radically untranslatable into the literal terms of visible imagery—strained to the uttermost the resources of art. But the essentially conventional character of mosaic, by disclaiming all attempt at literal presentment, allowed of the use of figurative signs and analogical equivalents for the rendering of transcendental ideas. And although the old mosaicists sometimes had recourse to such naive expedients as that of conveying the impression of supreme power by grotesquely exaggerated human proportions, and the impression of majesty by an unnatural and terrorizing fixity of gaze, yet on the whole, it must be said that the lack of realistic expressiveness inherent to mosaic, enhanced rather than diminished its power of suggesting the *inexpressible*. That the mode of handling is often trammelled, the figures stiff and lifeless—mere conventional types rather than “images of life,” the outcome of abstract thought rather than of the study of nature—cannot be denied; but they are so to a great extent because they seek not to imitate life so much as to suggest what is beyond the ordinary manifestations of life, because—to adapt the words of a great student of symbolism—they are content to *represent* what cannot be *reproduced*. And by this very incompetence to achieve convincing human types, or to realize an ideal in natural forms, the work of the old mosaicists suggests a perpetual sense of the superhuman and the supernatural, and throughout bears impression of a profoundly religious inspiration.

(To be continued.)

One Woman's Work.

CHAPTER XIII.

BALDUR'S wanderings had led him to Florence. Though he had been for about two months travelling in the pleasantest manner about the most lovely towns and delicious nooks of Central Italy, carrying out a programme he had laid down during his return voyage across the Atlantic, he had not found what he wanted. It is true that he did not feel as outwardly lonely as in the tropical solitudes, and that the sights and scenes by which he was surrounded forced him out of himself; but, whenever he faced his thoughts, he found within the same void and loneliness as before. In short, as he wandered about under a sky and in a land where mere existence brings joy, he felt as profoundly miserable as a human being well can feel.

He was leaning over the Bridge of Santo Spirito, gazing at the river and lovely Ponto Vecchio beyond. He was, if truth be told, asking himself where this long, monotonous misery would lead him; while, all the time, relief was close at hand. He was disturbed in his reverie by the consciousness that some one was looking at him, and, turning round sharply, he saw rather a wild-looking, unkempt girl gazing at him fixedly with her black eyes.

"Is the Signor English?" she said with a very broken accent.

"Yes, what of that?" replied Baldur, moving on with a sense of annoyance.

"Speaks the Signor Italian?" she went on hurriedly, laying her brown hand on his arm to stay him.

He shook her off impatiently, and would have walked away, but something in her earnest gaze made him think that she meant no impertinence, and had something of importance to communicate. So he stood still and, facing her, answered her question in the affirmative.

"*Grazie a Dio!*" she exclaimed fervently, for her *repertoire* of English was very small, and she had much to say. Then she went on talking in her own tongue with a rapidity which Baldur was fortunately able to follow :

"I know an English Signor. He is ill, very ill, and will die soon. But he is where it is not good for him to be. He is with bad men. Take him away with you, Signor, for they are bad, very bad, and will hurt him."

"I will go and see him at once," cried Baldur, the burden of misery falling from him at the prospect of an adventure.

"No, no," said the girl, detaining him ; "it is not safe for you alone. Go to your English Consul, and make him come with other men to fetch him. If you go alone the men will kill you, for the poor English Signor could tell you things about them. Ah, *Dio mio*, how bad they are. But go now quick, quick to your English Consul ; for if they know you wish for the sick Signor, they will hide him away."

"I will go myself," Baldur persisted with a dogged obstinacy which drove the poor girl nearly crazy.

"Ah, *Madonna mia*," she said, "but they will kill you and kill me."

"Nonsense ; take me to him or—and I mean what I say—I will take you to your police people and make you do it."

Whatever might be the avocation of the girl and the gang with which she was connected, the idea of being confronted with the police was not to her liking. So, shrugging her shoulders, and repeating that both he and she would be killed, she turned on her heel and told Baldur to follow.

"You are not wise," she said, turning round to fire her parting shot ; "for if you are killed you cannot save the sick Signor."

Baldur vouchsafed no reply, but motioned her to go on, which she, again shrugging her shoulders, did. He followed her through many streets, wide and narrow, of which he took count, till they came to what was evidently part of an old palace in a very narrow by-street. A door two steps below the line of the road, on a different level altogether from the barred windows of the ground floor, which were higher up by many feet, was the only entrance on that side of the building. Slipping a large key from her pocket she opened this door, and, signing to Baldur to follow, entered, going down more steps after she crossed the threshold.

It was a curious place, where, as Baldur felt, any villainy might be secretly perpetrated. After passing along an unevenly paved passage, on the stone walls of which hung an evil-smelling moisture, the girl—Carlotta, as she told him was her name—stopped before a worm-eaten door in a deep archway, through the cracks in which there streamed forth the vilest fumes of bad tobacco, sour wine, and spirits. She put her fingers to her lips to enforce silence, while she peeped through a chink between the shrunken panels.

"Good," said she, with signs of evident relief. "The others are not there. Come quick, now."

Following Carlotta, Baldur passed into a dark, square stone chamber, its one window, dim with dirt, opening far above his head into a narrow courtyard. A table, foul with wine-stains, strewn with greasy cards and empty glasses, stood in the middle, with broken chairs and stools round it. The atmosphere, thick with dust and lingering tobacco smoke, obscured Baldur's view, but as he grew accustomed to the gloom, he could distinguish a low pallet in a corner, on which, covered with an old blanket and other rags, lay the form of what he concluded to be the sick Englishman whom he had been brought to rescue. It never would have occurred to him to recognize this dirty, unshaven, emaciated man, with eyes burning like live coals; but as he approached, the sick man tried to start up in bed, and gave a hoarse cry: "Baldur Roy! Thank God!" Not till then did he see that the stranger was Nevile Venn.

"You know him?" asked the girl, curiously.

"Yes," replied Baldur, "he is my friend."

"Then," said she, "take him from here before he die, and make him happy. Go quick and fetch your Consul and some *gendarmi*, and take him away quietly; for if the others know you want him they will hide him. He knows too much. He was kind to me—poor Carlotta—and I wish to do him good. See, he is in a faint, but do not fear, he is often so and will not die. Leave him to me, and go quickly. For love of God, go."

Baldur finding no ruffians to fight, and having dismissed as rash and conducive to failure his first impulse to take his friend in his arms and walk off with him, understood that the best way to help him was to appeal to the law. He never lost time, and ran rather than walked to the British Consulate. The Consul also was a man of energy, and promptly secured whatever help was necessary; and after a delay comparatively short but

seemingly interminable to Baldur, the party arrived at the old palace. Carlotta had contrived to leave the door unlocked, and Baldur and his companions went straight to the dark evil-smelling room.

No alarm had been raised, and they found two dark-featured scoundrels playing at cards at the dirty table. They were much startled, but kept their presence of mind sufficiently to see that they could make no reasonable objection to the removal of their sick friend—as they called him—by his fellow-countryman. They scowled, and looked as if they could have knifed Baldur, but they knew that to create a disturbance would be to draw suspicion on themselves and whatever nefarious doings they wished to conceal, for Nevile could, if he chose, bring accusations against them. Thus they even affected to be glad that the sick man had been found by his friend, and facilitated his departure; for they wished to change their abode as soon as they could, lest the police should think of paying them another visit. However, while they bustled about, pretending to be busy accelerating Nevile's removal, they muttered imprecations and glanced at Baldur in a way which convinced him that he must be careful not to put himself into their clutches. He was cautious not to say a word to Carlotta, and felt relieved to see that they did not apparently suspect her of having anything to do with their victim's rescue.

A carriage having been sent for, Baldur lifted up poor Nevile's wasted form and carried him to it, telling the driver to go straight to his bright apartment overlooking the Arno. All was done so quietly that Nevile scarcely realized what was happening, but lay, propped up against his friend, feeling at peace under his protection. He looked so frail that Baldur half-feared that he might die on the road; but when he had carried him upstairs, put him into clean linen of his own, and laid him on a comfortable bed, the poor fellow rallied enough to smile and express his content, and then, being exhausted, he turned away without another word and slept peacefully. Leaving him thus, Baldur went to the telegraph-office, and with a thrill of pleasure which he could not repress at re-opening communication with Brookethorpe, sent the message to Mrs. Venn. In his truthfulness he told her that Nevile was dying, and only too late it occurred to him that he ought to have broken the news more gently. However, when he returned and found Nevile awake, he was glad that he had stated the case plainly, for he could see that

the poor young fellow was indeed unmistakably and rapidly nearing the end of his misspent life.

"Thank God, Baldur, and thank you," he said, feebly, gasping for breath between each word. "I do not mind dying now."

"Dying, old fellow? Not a bit of it," responded Baldur, with true British disingenuousness on the subject of death.

"I know better," said Nevile, quietly; "and I want you to do something for me, now, at once, if you do not mind. For I think that if I spit blood again as I have done I shall go off in a moment."

"All right, old fellow," replied the other. "I knew what you would want and I have done it already, while you were asleep."

"What have you done?" asked Nevile, still breathless.

"Why, sent a wire to tell your mother to come out to you."

"Thank you, kind, thoughtful old Baldur. But something else first. Go now, at once, in case I get worse, and fetch me a priest. Bring an English one if you can find one, but I can speak Italian at a pinch." His cheek flushed, and he began to talk incoherently from excitement.

"All right, all right," replied Baldur, patting his shoulder soothingly. "I will be off and find a priest, and a doctor, too."

"A priest first," whispered Nevile, almost inaudibly.

Baldur sallied forth with a foolish feeling which he would not try to drive away, for so pleasant was it, that the errand he was on would cause Joan great pleasure. He was, however, rather at a loss how to accomplish it, and decided that he could not do better than make inquiries in the nearest church. Nevile's guardian angel may have directed his steps, for in the first church he entered, the snuffy old sacristan who was dusting the altar-rail gave him the name and address of a young English priest who was spending the winter in Florence, and had all requisite faculties. This last piece of information mystified Baldur, but he lost no time, found this young Father Hart at home, and appeared with him at his friend's bedside not an hour after he had set forth on his quest.

When, later, he crept into his friend's room, he found the poor fellow asleep again. As he gazed at the beautiful face—without which, perchance, Nevile's life might have been different.

from what it had been—with the filth of the wretched den washed off it, and a gentle smile on his lips, he looked to Baldur almost the same as he had looked twenty years before, when he was the beautiful, innocent, angelic little boy whom people used to stop in the street to look at and admire. There was something so childlike and peaceful in his sleeping countenance, and even in his pose, as he lay with his wasted hand under his cheek, that Joan's oft-remembered words about the necessity of becoming like a little child before you can enter the Kingdom of Heaven recurred to Baldur's mind with a force they had never borne before. He sat patiently by the side of his dying friend, as the hours of the night slowly advanced, with his face buried in his hands, musing with an intensity that was almost prayer, till at last Nevile opened his eyes and smiled as he laid his white hand on that of his friend—the contrast even in their hands being typical of the vital contrast between the two men.

"Dear old Baldur," said the dying man, "how jolly to have you here. May God reward you for what you have done for me to-day. Good night, old fellow. I am very tired, but so, so happy."

CHAPTER XIV.

NEXT day, thanks to peace of mind and the constant care which Baldur bestowed on him, with a woman's tenderness and a man's strength, Nevile seemed stronger, and his friend began to think he might rally. But the sick man knew better, and repeated his convictions—which the doctor's verdict confirmed—that he had but a day or two to live.

"I think you will see your mother in two days, at the outside; so you must live till then," said Baldur, who saw that he was pained by an over-cheerful view of his case.

"I should wish it," replied Nevile, sweetly, "if it be God's will. Poor mother; if life were given to me to live over again, I would try to be a different son to her. She has been so good to me, and I have been an ungrateful cad. Please God, Swithin will be a better son to her and my father than I could ever be."

"Swithin is coming out very much," replied Baldur, modulating his voice to a sick-room pitch. "He will, I believe, turn out a splendid fellow." Then, knowing it to be better for his friend to listen than to talk, he rambled on, relating all that he knew to Swithin's credit.

"Thank God," said Neville, fervently. "He always was better than I. And yet, do you know, when I was a little fellow, I cared for Catholic things ever so much more than any of the others did. Those early years are but a short time out of a man's life, but what I learnt then from my nurse comes back to me now, and has done so again and again during all my wanderings. Do you see this?" he continued, drawing out with shaking fingers a miraculous medal of our Lady, which he wore round his neck. Baldur had already observed it while dressing his friend, and had handled it with becoming respect. He now nodded his head.

"A year ago," Neville continued, "a French lady whom I knew gave it to me. It surprised me, for she was a worldly woman, and, often as I had been to her house, I should never have suspected that the thought of God had anything to do with her life. All the same, she one day tackled me, asked me if I practised my religion, and gave me this medal, making me promise to wear it—which I have done ever since. I was beginning to be ill, and I was weary of my homeless life and godless companions, and this medal seemed to link me to the happy years of my childhood. It was this that got me into the hands of those scoundrels you saved me from."

He was too exhausted to speak any more, but next time Baldur was with him, and asked him the meaning of his last words, he was willing enough to explain, for there was little or no reticence about him.

"I do not want to tell you much about those fellows," he said. "I think it better not. It can do no good, and, being so near my end, I should be sorry to harm them by setting any one on their track. But this I will tell you. I had come across them in a hundred ways, and gambled with them, but I never knew what utter scoundrels they were. One day, when I was more or less drunk—God forgive me—I dragged this medal out and said some villainous nonsense about being true to my faith. They, like all the scoundrels out here, belong to some secret society; and, my God, how they hate the Catholic Church and all belonging to it, down to its outward emblems! It was, I feel sure, because I was a Catholic that they resolved to compass my ruin, and make me as one of themselves. God knows, I am bad enough, but I have always called myself a Catholic; and as I grew more ill, a desire to return to God came over me. The scoundrels knew this. I let it out one

day, fool that I am, and since then they have never ceased to watch me. They were moved by the same fiendish cruelty which would make them torment dumb beasts; and soon I was too ill to help myself. Fortunately they trusted the girl Carlotta, and usually left her in charge of me. I had been kind to her, and once saved her from the violence of one of the gang. She pitied me, and, as you know, brought you to me. Oh, my God," he continued, shuddering, and then he was taken with a fit of coughing which frightened Baldur, lest it should bring on the hemorrhage, a return of which would, the doctor said, be fatal. That time, however, the danger passed off.

It was no easy matter to keep poor Nevile from talking, and his friend, little as he could understand his want of reserve and desire to talk over his most sacred thoughts, saw that it was a relief to him to do so, and no longer tried to stop him. A few hours more or less of life seemed not worth considering, and the doctor had assured Baldur that any moment might cut short the poor fellow's life, whether he were sleeping or talking. Early next day he went to Nevile, and, seeing him lying with his eyes open, told him that he had received a telegram from Swithin, sent off from Paris, to say that he and his mother were on their way.

"Poor mother, poor mother," said Nevile, in a voice so feeble that Baldur had to put his head near him to hear what he said. "I think I should wish to live a little longer to make up to her and my father and all of them. I have been a selfish beast to my mother, and I should like before I die to tell her I am sorry. But I shall not see her. God's will be done. It is little enough to bear after the way I have offended God all these years. No, I don't desire this joy. God's will be done; it is always the best."

After a pause he went on. "Tell them all, will you, that I am sorry—father, mother, all. Tell Swithin and the girls I am sorry for the bad example I have been to them. I should have liked to live and be a better man, but God's will is best. I am such a poor creature that if He does not take me now, I might go wrong again."

Later in the day he seemed stronger, and while Baldur was sitting near him, doing his best to keep him silent, Father Hart came in. Nevile put out his long, thin fingers to take his hand, detaining Baldur at the same time.

"What do I not owe you two?" said he, talking excitedly,

with flushed cheek. "I hope you will remain friends when I am gone. Where should I be now, old Baldur, but for that strong arm of yours. Oh, how can I be thankful enough to both of you—to God, yes to God. I cannot think of those last weeks without a shudder, for Hell must be like it. You, Father, know what it is from others beside me. Oh, what it was! To know that the hand of death was on me, to long and long to reconcile my soul to God, but to hear the words, 'Too late! too late!' ringing in my brain. At times I gained courage, and in despair called out, 'For God's sake get me a priest,' only to be answered by scoffs and oaths, and scowls such as Satan might wear. I implored Carlotta to fetch me a priest, but the poor girl dared not. Oh, may no one whom I love know the torture of remembering too late, as I thought it was, the good things which God had placed within my reach when I had been able to stretch out and take them, and how cheap I had held all I would now have given my life's blood to obtain. Oh, Father, oh, Baldur, how good God is to restore me to His grace now, at the eleventh hour, after all those years since childhood which I spent in trampling His precious gifts under foot."

"I wonder," said Father Hart, gently, "if it has ever occurred to you how much you may owe to your father's prayers?" The priest, during his short acquaintance with Neville, had heard a great deal about the circumstances of his home.

"Poor pater," said the sick man, with a tremulous smile, his public-school traditions making him ring a change on the favourite family epithet. "I think it will be a great joy to him to know that, mis-spent and wasted as my life has been, by God's mercy I opened my eyes before it was too late. Oh, thank God! thank God!"

"Baldur, old boy," he resumed, after a few minutes' silence, unbroken by any of the three, while the gay street sounds came pleasantly through the open window, "leave me for a bit with Father Hart, will you? But come back soon, for I cannot spare you from my side, true friend. But one word before you go. I had better say it now, lest I cannot speak again. May God bless you and reward you for what you have done. May He reward you in His own way. It does not look well for a poor, bad fellow like me to talk, but, oh, if you could see the Catholic faith as I see it now! It is so happy to have all I have when one has to die—to be able, in spite of all the past, to

cast oneself like a little child into the arms of one's Father. Come back soon, old boy."

Baldur lingered outside near the door, fearful of being out of reach should Neville be seized with any sudden attack. He paced up and down, asking himself impatiently why that idea of the necessity of becoming like a little child pursued him so persistently. Never, he declared to himself, had he felt it less possible than now, never had he, in contrast to his poor weak friend, felt so full of manhood. Would he, brave and strong, he who scorned death—yes, he repeated angrily to himself, dashing aside the memory of his hour of weakness in the tropical forest, he did scorn death, and always had—would he, too, cry out for a Father's mercy and a Father's care when he came to die? Never! He felt no fear. He knew not what awaited him beyond the grave, but he had done his duty in life to the best of his ability, and why should he fear? Death came to all men; it was nature's great law which had to be faced. Of course a man like Neville was bound to fear. His wasted life, leading to premature decay, must produce vain regrets at the hour of death. How could it be otherwise? Sorrow for the past, and cries for mercy and forgiveness were the inevitable last resort of the weak, when all power of will to reform had left them.

As for the particular form taken by Neville's repentance, as evinced by his desire to be attended by a priest, it by no means gave birth to Baldur's professed contempt for his sorrow, though no doubt it accentuated it. Whether a special direction had been given to his views by his love for Joan, or whether he was influenced by mere logical common-sense, as a fact Baldur was unable to dissociate a realizing belief in a personal God, from belief in outward tokens of His care for men. If the sacramental view of Christianity made it more distasteful to him, it certainly made it more logical.

The want of manhood which had been Neville's curse through life was never more patent to his friend than now; and he found himself exaggerating it as a sanction for his contempt of his mode of meeting death. The very sweetness of the dying man, his simple way of talking about himself, his regrets for the past, while they betokened humility, showed want of strength. Of course a weakling in life must be a craven in death! However, he recalled the latter epithet as soon as he had mentally pronounced it, so little did the word

craven describe Nevile's attitude. Baldur's honesty forbade him to deny that there was something almost great in his friend's childlike and humble leaning upon God. For all his self-arguings he knew that, poor creature as Nevile had been in life, he was one no longer. His simple sorrow and confidence in his Father in Heaven gave him a position in creation which he himself, with all his aggressive manhood, failed to fill.

Would not he himself—so Baldur's innate honesty made him argue—would not he, when he came to lie on his death-bed, with nerves weakened and natural courage beaten down, be glad to meet death as Nevile was meeting it? Would not he be envious of a glad faith which peopled the world beyond the grave, which saw God as a forgiving Father, and a host of spiritual beings ministering to his wants, a faith which made death but as the shutting of the eyes to the things of this life and the opening of them to better things? Would not such a faith destroy the loneliness of death, and the emptiness of the state beyond? Of course it would ; and that was why such a large portion of the world had grown to possess it. The desire had given birth to it. Yet as he spoke a still, small voice spoke to him in words heard long before, he knew not where, "Would that my last end were like his."

How far this train of thought would have led Baldur it is impossible to say, for he was not allowed to pursue it further. While he was pacing up and down he heard his name called sharply by Father Hart, and, rushing into the room he found the priest supporting Nevile, from whose mouth a stream of blood was flowing. For a few minutes they held the dying man in their arms, and then he fell back ; and with the Holy Name on his lips, the soul of poor Nevile Venn took its flight, a few hours before his mother arrived in Florence.

CHAPTER XV.

OH, would the terrible journey never, never come to an end ! Such was the thought which prevailed in the hearts of both Mrs. Venn and her son as they sat face to face for two long days in the train which was bearing them south. The swift engine was moving at express speed, but to them never had excursion train moved slower, and every minute that passed seemed equal to twenty. The absorption of Mrs. Venn's grief

had done nothing towards softening her—nay, it hardened her more than ever against the unoffending Swithin. He, on the contrary, was deeply moved by his mother's suffering, and in his clumsy way did what he could to show her affection and take care of her. But everything he did was wrong; and for the greater part of the journey they sat opposite each other in unbroken silence, during which she lay back in her place with her eyes either closed or staring before her into vacancy, and the corners of her mouth drawn down obstinately.

Swithin knew very well that it would be as great a relief to her as it would be to himself were he to leave her and take his place in another carriage; but a dogged sense of duty kept him at his post. He acted wisely, for though she detested his presence she would have been only too pleased to put down his departure to want of consideration. Nevertheless, if he tried to cover her with a rug during the night she flung it impatiently from her, not because she did not feel the chill night air as they were crossing the Alps, but because it was Swithin who laid it on her. If he brought her coffee at a station she refused to touch it; and in the same ungracious way did she receive all his other little attentions to her wants. He, poor fellow, was too sad for her and her fierce grief to feel either resentment or mortification. He might have felt excusably angry, but the sense of duty which had made him undertake the disagreeable journey now kept him calm. He saw how his mother disliked him, but he was accustomed to that, and did not on his side love her sufficiently to be really hurt. He made generous excuses for her, and attributed the increase of her antipathy, and the petulance with which she showed it, to the irritation caused by anxiety; for it was a well-known fact to all her other children that she loved Nevile far more than she did the rest. What Swithin did not realize was that her present and fierce hatred of him—for it amounted to that—was the effect of jealousy, jealousy that he, the unloved son, should be so aggressively alive, while her first-born, her idol, for whom she would have given her own life, lay dead or dying beyond her reach.

Swithin's patience was indeed wonderful, and would have astonished even his champion, Joan. The fact was that the great realities of life had taken possession of his mind to the exclusion of everything else, and mortifications which affected himself alone seemed paltry when compared with the paramount anxiety about Nevile, and the question whether he were alive,

and, if dead, whether he had returned to God before he died. Swithin's simple soul was also full of cares of a more personal nature. Should Nevile be alive and unrepentant, how was he to help him in face of his mother? How, moreover, was he, Nevile's junior, snubbed as such and kept in his place by his elder brother from earliest childhood,—how was he, contrary to his habit and nature, to act the apostle and persuade him to see a priest? Simple, fervent prayers for help went up from his heart as he seemed to be gazing idly out of the window; and gradually he was quieted by the hope that, if he did all he could, God would do the rest.

At last that most terrible journey came to an end, and with it came the end of all Mrs. Venn's hopes. Swithin had kept Baldur informed of the progress of their journey, so that they were met by him at the station. When the poor mother was told that she was too late to see her beloved alive, she fell into a passion of grief which surprised both Baldur and Swithin, and it was all the former could do to pacify her sufficiently to take her place in the carriage which he had in waiting for her. At the moment she felt as if her son's death would have been comparatively easy to bear could she have seen him again, nursed him to the end, and proved to him the love which had been burning in her heart ever since he had left England, an exile in disgrace. Could she but have assured him how entirely his past errors were buried in oblivion, and how melting with tenderness her heart had been all the time that she kept him at a distance, and seemed to condemn him, the blow would have lost half its bitterness.

"Oh, cruel, cruel!" she cried, beating herself against the inevitable in a way which it was painful to Baldur to witness. He and she were alone in the carriage, and it was on his shoulder that she leaned when a state of helpless despair had succeeded to the violence of her grief. Swithin, quietly accepting the fact that his presence would aggravate her misery, had taken his place on the box.

"Take me to him," she said, hoarsely, as soon as they arrived at Baldur's rooms, and, as she spoke, she laid a tight hold on his arm. She glanced forbiddingly at Swithin as he prepared to follow them; but he was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he neither saw her gesture nor heard her cutting, muttered remarks. Baldur heard the words, and was so wounded by their bitterness that he instinctively drew away from her;

but she clung to him the more closely. Her love for him burnt all the brighter for the share he had had in Neville's last days, but the nearer she felt to all that remained of her idol, the more repellant to her was her younger son. That he should force himself with her into the chamber of death was but part and parcel of the intrusiveness of his existence.

When they entered the room where Neville lay, looking wondrously beautiful in death, with a smile of expectancy on his countenance which was more like that of a child than of a sin-seared man, Swithin, though it was the first time he had been in the presence of death, knelt down, and, making a large sign of the Cross, prayed with whole-hearted fervour. But to his poor mother all was dark, even darker than it had been before she stood face to face with her darling, so cruelly, so unjustly snatched away. Resentment of some kind was necessary to her; else her grief would have been insupportable. Resentment against the hand of God she may have felt, but dared not acknowledge, and anything of the sort against the dear dead was the thought farthest from her. So she vented it on the exterior surroundings of the dead; and when she saw the lighted candles, the crucifix lying on her boy's breast, clasped in his hand as if he loved it, and when, worst of all, she beheld the two nuns placed at the foot of the bed by Father Hart to watch and pray, grief gave place to wrath, and she hated the Church to which Neville had belonged as it is only given to it to be hated. He was hers, her own, her beloved; what right had the Church to claim his dead clay? Her heart froze within her with detestation of the interference and impertinence, as she called it, of the priests. She had entered the room with tears ready to flow, and longing to kiss her boy, but now she stood before his body in stony, resentful anguish of heart. Baldur stood for a time awkwardly beside her till, impelled by reverence for the dead, he knelt down by the side of Swithin. This roused Mrs. Venn from her stupor, and taking his arm once more she drew him from the room, her own face as deadly white as Neville's. Death was horrible to this woman so full of the pride of life, and no more could she bring herself to return to the room where her boy lay.

Swithin went on for a long time praying in his simple way. With child-like submission to the will of God, he took for granted that it was best that his brother should have died before he could do anything to help him. But when, having sought Baldur, he learnt from him how God had provided for Neville's

needs, he called himself an unmitigated ass for having worried himself as much as he had. To relieve his feelings he sat down and wrote a long letter to Joan, with full details about his brother's last days and the part played by Baldur, whose praises he sang, being, as already stated, unconscious of any reasons for reticence on the subject. There was much to tell, and he described with amazement the care taken by Baldur, after Nevile's death, that everything should be done in the most Catholic manner. It was he, wrote Swithin, who had arranged and, where necessary, paid for all those religious surroundings which had raised Mrs. Venn's wrath. He also had provided for Nevile's temporary burial before his body could be removed to Brookethorpe, and had given the honorarium for a Requiem Mass to be said for him. Swithin was surprised at this last detail, and wrote as if it must mean that Baldur was half a Catholic; but Joan, while overjoyed, put all his actions at their proper value. Although, throughout all he did on the occasion, there was an undercurrent of satisfaction at the union it brought about with Joan, his real motive was loyalty to his poor dead friend, and the fact that he alone was on the spot to carry out what Father Hart assured him would be Nevile's wishes. But though he arranged for a Mass to be said, he was no nearer than before to knowing what it meant.

He might have thought that as Mrs. Venn, who would have a better right than he to make arrangements, was soon to arrive, it would be wiser to wait till then; but, on the contrary, he hurried on what had to be done before she could be on the spot. He did so, partly to save her pain, but partly to forestall any objections she might raise to distinctly Catholic functions. After what he had seen during Nevile's last hours it seemed fitting that his remains should be placed in the sole care of Catholics—a reflection which perhaps spoke more for the strength of the romance in his nature than for the strength of his convictions. When Mrs. Venn found out that it was Baldur who had arranged for the religious paraphernalia which had offended her, and not any interfering priest or nun, she said no more, and half the sting was removed. As a fact, she was glad to have nothing to do with funeral arrangements, or anything which brought before her the realities of death.

She lingered on at Florence for some days, being too exhausted to undertake the journey home; but during her stay she would see no one but Baldur. She clung to him with all

the power of love which remained to her, and implored him to accompany her back to England. But his courage failed him for such a task, and he positively refused her request, adding that Swithin would be able to do all that was necessary for her. His refusal, coupled with his suggestion of Swithin as his substitute, was the proverbial straw which broke the camel's back; and she burst into a passionate protest against the possibility of her son being anything at all to her, now or ever. Baldur, who had really learnt to love the boy, as he still called him, and appreciated and admired his strength of character, was displeased by her words, and spoke his mind on the subject of her treatment of Swithin with a straightness habitual to him, and which she rarely resented. This time, however, though she bore the rebuke because it came from him, it only served to pile fuel on her smothered and almost diseased aversion from her son. The knowledge that this was so, added to poor Baldur's sadness of heart as he watched the ill-matched travelling companions steaming out of the station, and knew that he had once more snapped the connection between him and Joan.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT is not for us to follow Baldur too closely during the next few months as step by step he approached the crisis of his life. When he bade farewell to Mrs. Venn and Swithin, and severed himself again from friends and human love, he set his face resolutely to live as before his awful solitary life. But he found that solitude had lost its ghastliness, and that he was no longer alone in the fullest sense of the word.

There are seasons when those who think they live by reason really live by feeling, and when one moment of emotional faith destroys negations which it has taken years to accumulate; and so it was with Baldur. Neville's death had left him with something in his life which had not been there before; and he seemed to be living in the presence of One who saw him, cared for him, and towards whom he was responsible. The idea had entered his soul without commotion, lodged itself there and would not be argued down, even had he wished to do so, any more than could be the fact of his own existence as a sentient being. As he began to live by this light, too dim to be yet called faith, he wondered at himself, for it seemed that without

effort he had found the fulfilment of the thirsty aspirations which had glorified his youth.

Like all men with a strain of greatness and nobility of soul, Baldur was reverent, and had been prone to hero-worship from his boyhood. Hero-worship, when divested of folly—such, for instance, of that of Dante's for Virgil—is, we believe, the most god-like, the most self-annihilating of qualities, and the nearest foretaste we can imagine of the everlasting worship of Heaven. Baldur had, in his younger years, found it imperatively necessary to give his devotion to some one, but one by one he had found the object of it wanting, and had dethroned him. But his capacity for worship remained, though he had destroyed his gods. His soul had always been athirst, and as he now began to live his life in the presence of a personal God, he knew that his thirst was being slaked. And even though he thought he rejected the very notion with horror, there was hovering over his life the ideal of God made Man, as the solution of all that complicated his own existence and that of the host of weary wanderers with whom unbelief has peopled this world of ours.

Baldur's human heart also was softened, and divested of that bitterness which had been its sting. His intercourse with Mrs. Venn had revived his memory and restored it to health. Swithin, while talking freely to Baldur about his nearest interests, had talked a great deal about Joan, and the manner in which his brotherly affection for her had totally changed the aspect of his home to him. This, while it fanned in Baldur's heart the embers which he thought he had trodden out, placed Joan before him once more as he had known her during those brief weeks of happy friendship, and destroyed the morbid distortions with which bitterness had disfigured her portrait in his mind.

While he thus restored Joan to her throne he felt much nearer to her than he had ever done before. Barriers which, even in the days of their closest friendship, had severed him from her like the great chaos of the parable, began to look small. He did not indeed regard this barrier as an obstacle which could be surmounted, or which he even wished to surmount; but its gradual destruction was a source of joy because it left him more in sympathy with Joan. He would have laughed to scorn the idea that he could ever be a Catholic; and as for studying the faith with a view of obtaining Joan's consent to marry him, it would have been simply abhorrent to him. Fortunately, the

possibility of such a thing never presented itself to him, for it might have quenched for good and all the little spark of grace which was struggling for life in his soul.

Two things there are which more than all others keep men and women out of the Church, namely, prejudice and pride. In Baldur's case the latter had been subjected to rough treatment since he had parted from Joan; and the former had received a severe blow when he was standing by the death-bed of him whom he had so excusably despised in life. This blow struck to prejudice had left him, if not with a will to believe, at least with a thorough dissatisfaction with what had, especially on the subject of inevitable death, hitherto satisfied him.

In this state of mind Baldur spent the remainder of the winter and the early spring, wandering about Central Italy, with no plan of action.

Following his moods he passed from place to place, dwelling, when the desire seized him, in the beautiful old towns, but staying more often in villages, undescribed in guide-books and unspoilt by tourists. There, with unwillingness to dissociate himself in so many words from those whose faith he did not possess, he mingled with the happy Christian inhabitants as though he were one of them, and fondly believed himself to be unnoticed, though in reality he was the object of speculation to every man, woman, and child who saw him.

Peace crept over him during his wandering life. He scarcely realized that his present love of Italy and his desire to merge his life in that of her children came from the wish to hear that language with which, as Joan had declared, God has chosen to speak to the souls of men for the last eighteen centuries. He knew that he was ignorant of its very rudiments, but he liked to try to catch the rhythm of it, and each note he caught brought with it an increase of peace of mind. Sometimes he took pleasure in pretending that he understood the language, in the same way that a little child takes up a book and gabbles nonsense with his eyes on the words, making believe that he is reading. This "make-believe" on Baldur's part may have been the presage of realities, in the same way that—as is affirmed by students of human character—the child who finds his pleasure in playing at reading is likely to grow up to be a man of books.

At times, when this make-believe mood seized him, Baldur would enter a church, sometimes when a service was going on, but more often alone or in the company of a few scattered wor-

shippers, and kneel before the hidden God about whom he knew nothing. There he would remain, praying in his way, though more often keeping his soul in a state of silence which, unconsciously on his part, made it ready to hear the voice of God when the time came for it to speak. He acted without self-consciousness, for he took it for granted that the simple villagers would assume that he was one with them in faith and worship; whereas even the little children would point at him and whisper pitifully, "*Povero eretico!*" And their elders, nearly as childlike as the little ones, would send up prayers to Heaven for him, and the simple parish priest would remember him in his Mass, the incense of these prayers mingling with that of those offered up by Joan, Cousin Monica, and others who in distant England were storming Heaven for him. Blessed make-believe, which filled his soul with a nameless peace, and inclined his will to catch the sound of that still small voice which moves the hearts of men, but which is so hard to hear in the midst of the world's din.

What took place in Baldur's soul during those hours of silence in the presence of God is his own secret; those, however, who know that He before whom he knelt was there to bless and be adored, whether Baldur believed or not, could without rashness form a surmise of the likely effect upon one whose will to resist became every hour weaker, and who unknown to himself, was growing more ready to listen.

Baldur was not converted suddenly as some men are, and as he told Joan he must be, if converted at all. Rarely, on the contrary, was conversion more gradual than his. The grace which was to win him had worked slowly, stepping in and gaining a footing wherever he gave it a chance. The work, in fact, dated from that first moment when, before he sailed for South America, he discovered that in spite of his self-confidence he was but a poor creature, unable to act up even to his own standard.

One crowning moment of grace came to him as he knelt in the great, dark Duomo at Florence, whither his wandering steps had led him back some months after Nevile's death. He was kneeling, passive and unresisting, and, in a way, praying, though nothing was plain and he was still groping. True, he no longer felt himself to be a waif in the great creation. Life here had gained new meaning, and life beyond the grave was not as empty as it had been, for he worshipped God as One to whom

he could pray, to whom he felt responsible, and before whom he could feel unworthy. None the less he still groped ; but he knew there was something he wanted to find ; and the voiceless cry of his heart that day was : " Lord, that I may see."

It was the end. While he knelt, the knot untangled itself, and he saw the Catholic Church as those within see her. He saw the Incarnation of our Lord as the supreme act of God's mercy towards a race which had been weighed and found wanting ; and the same logical common-sense showed him the Church as the representative of God made Man, left by Him to occupy till His return, and dispense graces in a way that all men could understand, as plainly as when He Himself walked about doing good and shedding grace around Him. For a moment Baldur saw it all clearly, and felt amazed by its obviousness as well as by his own previous stupidity.

He was at all times a man of action. For months he had been asking with St. Paul, " Who art Thou, Lord ?" and, having received his answer, he practically went on with the Apostle to say, " Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?" No voice from heaven answered the inquiry, but Baldur did not feel at a loss. He was convinced that the time had come when he must find out more about the great subject which was pre-occupying him than he could learn interiorly ; and his only hesitation was where he should turn for exterior aid. It was not long before the difficulty was solved.

Providence had at this juncture led him back to the only priest with whom he was on terms of anything approaching intimacy ; and a few minutes' thought decided him to go and talk the whole matter over with Father Hart. One talk with the young priest led to many more. It is unnecessary even to form a surmise of what followed. When truth and a willing soul come face to face there is only one thing that can follow.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

A New Argument for the French Associations Bill.

IN a letter published on the 7th of October, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, with characteristic solemnity, wrote as follows :

There are 16,000 monastic establishments in France, with something like 400,000 inmates, or one to every 100 inhabitants. If to these 400,000 celibates who form the army of the Catholic Church we add the 600,000 men in the army and the 300,000 or 400,000 men and women who form the army of the civil service, we find that every 25 Frenchmen have to maintain a monk or nun, a soldier or a civil servant, or his family. Thus every citizen has to support one twenty-fifth of a member of these three categories, and as of the 40,000,000 Frenchmen only 8,000,000 at most earn or possess money, each of these 8,000,000 has to maintain one-fifth of a monk, nun, soldier, or civil servant. The cost of the soldier and civil servant appears, of course, in the Budget, but that of the monk or nun is a charge which must in some form be added to the taxation. It may be presumed, moreover, that only one-eighth of the population can be counted on as able to bear the public burdens, while there are certainly not more than 2,000,000 to face the cost of the 400,000 "religious." Thus every five persons possessing an income have to maintain a monk or nun with the proportionate share of keeping up the establishment.

Was there ever so extraordinary a contribution to the literature of economics? Would it not be equally true to say that the staff of the *Times*, including its foreign correspondents, are supported by the British taxpayer? The members of the Religious Orders have found their own sustenance from their own resources, like any other citizens, and paid their taxes and borne their share of every public burden, exactly as any others. The little circumstance that they are not subsidized from the Budget, as are soldiers and civil servants, over which the correspondent glides so lightly, makes all the difference. How does the fact that a man takes the vows of a Religious, and

lives in community, throw him upon the support of the public, any more than would be the case if he became a member of the Jockey Club or the Bourse, to say nothing of a body like the Freemasons? And would it be possible for manifest nonsense such as this to find a place in the columns of the leading journal, if it were not that there is nothing which may not hope to pass muster when disparagement of things Catholic is concerned?

A Short Cut for Students of History.

A writer in our sporting contemporary, the *Referee*, has recently (October 13) laid down a rule as to the method of interpreting whatever deals with Jesuits or Jesuitism, concerning which it would be interesting to hear what would be said were Jesuits to propound anything remotely resembling it. He writes thus:

It is not an easy thing to get at the whole truth about the Jesuits, because their cardinal principle of "mental reservation" permits them to distort history as no other body of men ever yet dared to distort it, and they are ready to offer denials of the main accusations against them, so categorical, so apparently honest and sincere, that nothing short of a general assumption that their histories and their denials of history are never to be relied upon under any circumstances for a single instant, can safeguard the student of their amazing career.

Curiously enough, on the day preceding, Mr. Andrew Lang had touched upon the same topic in the *Pilot*.

As a person acquainted with some Jesuits [he says] one may say that one would just as soon distrust soldiers, or barristers, or squires, *en bloc*, as distrust Jesuits. If ever one has met absolute sportsmanlike fairness in the discussion of historical points which excite partisanship, it is amongst members of the Society of Jesus. No doubt this does not apply equally to all the members of this or any other community of any sort. But, speaking as a Protestant, one may declare that whatever the principles and training of the Society may be, they do not warp in individuals that not too common intellectual virtue, absolute fairness of judgment in historical questions,

Hard to Please.

We take the following from the Anglican *Church Review* :

Another curious example of the essential intolerance of Protestantism is furnished from Jersey, where the local press is fomenting an agitation (which apparently may prove successful), to induce the States to exclude the refugee French nuns from the island. It seems that the Jesuits in Jersey keep themselves to themselves, interfering with nobody. This excites suspicion in the Protestant mind, or, as the Jersey correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* delightfully puts it : "Their very inoffensiveness gives rise to distrust and fear among the Nonconformist party." On the ground of this delusive inoffensiveness, it is therefore proposed to take stringent measures against the Jesuit seminary. From an imperial point of view, the royal assent should be refused to idiotic legislation of this kind.

It may be added that but for the mischief which may too probably ensue, the whole situation is extravagantly comic. The Religious are expelled from France as being bad Frenchmen, whose collective stay in the country is incompatible with its security. The party in Jersey who sympathize with this expulsion, propose to refuse an asylum to the exiles on the ground that they are so entirely devoted to the service of France as to seek to make the island French territory, from which under the new law they may be again expelled.

Historical Rubbish Shot here.

The Protestant Alliance have addressed to the Prime Minister a protest against the admission to this country of the Religious banished from France, "where," as is remarked, "their pernicious influence is understood and abhorred," on the precise signification to be attached to which circumstance we need not dwell further than we have done in a previous article. Nor will we linger over various points of the document which might claim attention for their recklessness of assertion, were it worth while to discuss such lucubrations. But a word must be said about a piece of literary history, of which the Alliance and its organ, the *Rock*, appear to be exceedingly proud, inasmuch as they have recently proclaimed it from the housetops, as they now communicate it to the head of the Government. "It is well known," they declare, "that Jesuits teach that equivocation,

lying, theft, parricide, murder, are permissible under certain circumstances," and they name an author as responsible for each of these various articles, substantiating the indictment by reference in every case¹ to the *Extraits des Assertions*, a well-known indictment of the Jesuits, of Jansenist origin. But, setting aside the fact that in the work referred to there is, in some of the instances, nothing whatever to support the charge, it is surely well to inquire as to the character of a book which we are thus asked to accept as an ultimate authority. Upon this subject it will be sufficient to listen to the opinion of Dr. Dollinger, in his continuation of Hortig's *Church History*.²

The whole compilation is so palpable a fraud that one doubts whether most to wonder at the dishonesty of the compilers or their effrontery. Sometimes the Latin text [of the authors cited] is falsified; sometimes the French rendering. By means of additions, omissions, and alterations of words or punctuation, Jesuit writers are made to say what they never dreamed of saying, and sometimes the exact opposite of what they did say. Various Jesuits are quoted as authors who never wrote a book. . . . This lying work. . . .

When will those who are so free with their accusations of disingenuousness and foul play against others cease to rake up from the gutters of controversy all the old discarded frauds and fables with which malice has endeavoured to impose upon ignorance?

Parodies, Devotional and Otherwise.

A perennial source of delight to the no-Popery type of Protestant, who likes nothing better than to make his neighbour's flesh creep with the recital of Rome's idolatries, is the so-called *Psalterium Marianum*, commonly printed under the name of St. Bonaventure. Its connection with St. Bonaventure is extremely doubtful. The Bollandists, in their thirteenth volume for October, pronounce against its genuineness, and in the British Museum Catalogue it will be found entered among the Bonaventurian *spuria*. But even were it a genuine work of the Seraphic Doctor, there would be very little to apologize for in this devotional tractate except its questionable taste, a point upon which mediæval readers were not particularly sensitive. Early in the last century, however, some staunch

¹ Except that of St. Alphonsus Liguori, who is made responsible for the article of "lying," and who, needless to say, was not a Jesuit.

² Original Edition, 1827, iii. 794.

Low Churchman thought it worth while to publish an English edition of part of the *Psalterium* as a warning against Rome's secret infamies; and from that and other sources one has grown accustomed to see the topic introduced in almost every newspaper controversy in which the question of Mariolatry comes under discussion. The book known by this title, it may be useful to explain, is a devotional application of certain verses of each of the 150 Psalms to the honour of our Lady. *Psalterium Marianum*, however, is a generic term which in practice took a good many different forms, and some of the metrical varieties—with which, rightly or wrongly, the names of St. Anselm, St. Thomas of Canterbury, Cardinal Langton, Archbishop Peckham, and the Carthusian Lanspergius have been connected—show nothing more objectionable than a series of 150 Latin quatrains on the most Blessed Virgin, either beginning with the first words of each of the Psalms, or based upon some conspicuous motto derived from its contents. The *Psalterium Marianum* of St. Bonaventure, on the other hand, which is further distinguished as *majus*, the greater, is in prose, and it forms what may in strictness be called a "parody" of David's Psalter, by taking four or five verses of each Psalm and substituting in many places the name of Mary for the name of God. Of course this sounds very terrible, especially when set forth with all the pomp and circumstance of controversial rhetoric; but in practice the results are not very alarming. A certain selection is made among the verses; and in various forms and under different metaphors the faithful are invited to praise Mary, where the original text commanded the praise of God. But on the other hand, it is made perfectly clear that the compiler had no intention of substituting our Lady in reality in place of the Deity, because such words as would be unsuitable to a creature are omitted or are replaced by other expressions less open to objection. In a certain sense one could have no better proof that our Lady was *not* worshipped with Divine honour, than when we find, as we repeatedly do, a direct appeal to God to grant us His pardon replaced by an appeal to our Lady to obtain God's pardon in our behalf.¹

¹ Or what could be more reassuring to Protestant sensitiveness than when in the *Te Deum*, which was repeatedly accommodated to our Lady along with the Psalms, such a substitution as this is made? The original says: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory." The Marian adaptation reads: "Holy, holy, holy, is Mary, Mother of God and Virgin. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of the glory of *thy Son*."

But it may perhaps be worth while to quote a specimen. The Fiftieth Psalm, the *Miserere*, is familiar to all, hence we may conveniently take the corresponding fiftieth section in the *Psalterium Marianum*; which runs as follows. It seems to me as regards the tone and character of the adaptation to be a fair average sample.

1. Miserere mei Domina, quæ mater misericordiæ nuncuparis.
2. Et secundum viscera misericordiarum tuarum munda me ab omnibus iniquitatibus meis.
3. Effunde gratiam tuam super me et solitam clementiam tuam ne subtrahas a me.
4. Quoniam peccata mea confitebor tibi; et coram te me accuso de sceleribus meis.
5. Fructui ventris tui me reconcilia, et pacifica me ei qui me creavit.

Gloria Patri, &c.

However, our object in alluding to the topic in the present place was not so much to give an account of the *Psalterium Marianum* as to call attention to a parody of quite analogous character which happened to fall under our notice immediately after reading a more than usually indignant onslaught on Romanist Mariolatry—and, of course, the *Psalterium* of Bonaventure—in some Low Church Protestant print. The parody to which we allude is one composed in honour of the Reformer Martin Luther, by one of his enthusiastic admirers in the early years of the sixteenth century. It is framed, as the reader will at once recognize, upon the famous Paschal sequence, *Victimæ Paschali*, and it does not seem to us to fall behind the Bonaventurian psalter in point of audacity. Anyway, here it is:

Invicti Martini laudes intonant Christiani.
 Mors et vita duello confluxere mirando;
 Dux vitæ Martinus regnat vivus.
 Dic nobis Martine, verax, juste et pie,
 Doctrinam Christi viventis et gloriam vere resurgentis,
 Angelicos testes, Paulum et Evangelistas.
 Surrexit Christus spes mea sed non credit Romana Judea.
 Scimus Christum surrexisse per Martinum vere;
 Tu nos Martine victor tuere.
 Alleluia.¹

¹ From J. Nass, *Secunda Centuria, das ist das ander Hundert der Evangelischen Warheit*. Ingolstadt, 1568, p. 137 v^o. I copy this from a paper by Dr. Wickham Legge in the *Transactions of St. Paul's Eccles. Society*, vol. iii. p. 34.

Extravagant as may seem the substitution of any earthly name for the Divine Paschal Victim, and especially such a very earthly name as that of Doctor Martin Luther, it should in fairness be said that the middle ages in this respect had set a very bad example to the generations that came after them. The parodies of the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Divine Office, and even the Mass itself, were innumerable, and often verged, or more than verged, on the blasphemous. A curious early example, in which, however, the note of profanity is happily wanting, is supplied by an eleventh century manuscript of the English coronation service, where, as Dr. Wickham Legge has pointed out in a recent publication of the Henry Bradshaw Society, the antiphon *Tota pulchra es*, borrowed from the Canticles and consecrated by custom to our Blessed Lady, is applied to the newly-crowned Queen. *Tota pulchra es, regina nostra, et macula non est in te*, &c., ending with the words *surge propria, regina nostra, veni de libano, veni coronaberis*. This antiphon, one would think, must sometimes have proved a little embarrassing to an elderly recipient of regal consecration.

H. T.

Reviews.

I.—THE MYSTERY OF MARY STUART.¹

A BOOK on an interesting subject by a well-known and accomplished writer is sure to be read and appreciated, even though it should have no other attraction to recommend it. But Mr. Andrew Lang's volume has such attractions. He has gathered new and very interesting historical materials, his illustrations by themselves prove how easy a task it would have been to tamper with the Casket Letters, and readers of THE MONTH may be pleased to read² Mr. Lang's ample acknowledgment of the value of the historical materials, collected by FF. Stevenson, Pollen, and Ryan, which were put at his disposal while compiling this volume.

Yet its chief merit probably does not lie in bringing before the public any one newly discovered event, which will of itself revolutionize received traditions. The peculiarity of this work consists, we think, in the power which Mr. Lang displays of understanding and making us understand all the parties in the great historical drama, "the royalists, the reformers, and the *politiques*." Mary has had many adversaries and many advocates, but only few historians, and Mr. Lang belongs to their number. He can see the merits of both sides, and comprehends the matters in debate. His statements, his praise, and his blame are therefore weighty and judicial.

The chief interest of the history lies in the solution of the two problems, Was Mary an accessory to the murder of Darnley, and what was her attitude towards Bothwell? Her guilt in the former case is not proven according to Mr. Lang. But there are, he holds, certain suspicious circumstances, as, for instance, the internal arguments for the genuineness of the Casket Letters, which constrain him to keep the possibility of her guilt con-

¹ *The Mystery of Mary Stuart*. By Andrew Lang. With (20) Illustrations. London: Longmans, 1901. xxii. and 452 pp.

² Pp. xii. xiii.

stantly before our eyes. Every one must do the same who does not carry his discussion of the circumstances a step further than Mr. Lang does. But why should not one continue more or less as follows? There are several other circumstances, which seem to point to Mary's complete innocence, some of which, as the testimony of her confessor, Roche Mamerot, O.P., seem, to us at least, extremely strong evidence. But when the presumptions for the defence are at least as convincing as those for the accusers, sound principle should surely direct us to count the *pros* and *cons* as balancing one another, and to make up our minds to admit no supposition of guilt whatsoever against the person accused. If so, Mary should not merely not be condemned upon the first count, but (until new evidence is forthcoming) be positively acquitted.

Even with regard to the match with Bothwell, Mr. Lang points out some new and strong reasons for not passing sentence against her. For instance, he says, "If Lethington was ignorant" of the preparations for abducting her, "so may she have been."¹ But Lethington, the cleverest head at Mary's Court, certainly seems to have known nothing about it, and so, from one point of view, her guiltlessness seems probable. But unfortunately when we weigh all the circumstances of the case the presumptions against her complete innocence seem stronger than those in its favour. We do not see how Mr. Lang's conclusion that Mary "rushed on her doom"² can be validly disputed.

As every one has some formed opinions on the Queen, which he is not likely to renounce entirely, Mr. Andrew Lang's dicta are not likely to be accepted *en bloc* by anybody. Moreover, this volume stops before reaching the later life, in which Mary's heroism shone out most conspicuously. But we, who look back on her previous life in the light of that heroism, are never likely to lose sight of her greatness by reason of the cloud that rests over one episode of her early years.

¹ P. 180.

² P. 183.

2.—ROADS TO ROME.¹

Only dreamers imagine that England is in the course of a speedy conversion to the Catholic Faith, but the accessions to that Faith during the last half century have been sufficiently conspicuous in number and quality, and they have been generally felt to need some explanation. Various are the causes which have been assigned. That these converts are silly persons who were subdued by the charms of music and incense, or weak-minded persons who were led by sentiment instead of reason, or mentally indolent persons who shirked the responsibility of thinking for themselves and preferred to deliver over their consciences to the keeping of the loudest assertor, or cowardly persons who abandoned their lawful allegiance because it was involved in difficulties—such are the motives with which they are mostly credited by those whose ranks they have felt compelled to quit. It was then a happy thought of the author of *Ten Years in Anglican Orders* to invite a selection of recent converts to state for themselves the motives which led them to take a step so important in itself and so disadvantageous to their temporal prospects. Such is the origin of *Roads to Rome*, and it will be acknowledged that the selection of contributors is sufficiently representative, including as it does persons of both sexes, who have come into the Church from High Church and Low Church Anglicanism, from Nonconformity, or from the prevalent Agnosticism, and one even from active membership of the National Secular Society.

It might at first sight seem an objection to a book like this that the reasons for entering the Catholic Church, if they are to be valid, should be the same for all; but two stages in the way to Rome must be distinguished. There is the earlier stage in which the mental traveller is aroused to a conviction, or at least to a strong suspicion, that the truth lies with Catholicism, and there is the later stage in which on the basis of such a conviction or suspicion he submits himself to a systematic course of instruction in the evidences to which the Catholic Church points for her justification. This latter stage is the same for all, and is to be sought not in such a book as the present, but

¹ *Roads to Rome*, being personal records of some of the more recent converts to the Catholic Faith. With an Introduction by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. Compiled and edited by the author of *Ten Years in Anglican Orders*. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

in some suitable manual of instructions for converts; but in the earlier stage the roads vary with the circumstances of the individual, and it is here that the personal element comes in which affords ground for such narratives as the compiler has brought together. To another point which must be borne in mind if these records are to be duly estimated, the Cardinal calls attention in his really helpful Preface.

[A man] may, indeed, have been affected and driven by a single argument, by a single line of thought, so strongly and visibly, that in any brief record he may have to pen, this comes uppermost and stands out alone. But he cannot publicly take into account, he cannot portray, all the subtle growth of his intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. The conviction and the last step come as the formal conclusion to much that no man can accurately and fully describe. Hence there must be many forces and arguments that are absent and wanting to such narratives as those contained in this book.

On opening the book Lord Brampton's name is sure to be the first to attract notice. He declines to write any history of his conversion, on the ground that to write it to his satisfaction would require a time he cannot command. He assures us, however, that "it was the result of my deliberate conviction that the truth—which was what I sought—lay within the Catholic Church," and adds, "I thought the matter out for myself, anxiously and seriously, uninfluenced by any human being, and I have unwavering satisfaction in the conclusion at which I arrived, and my conscience tells me it is right." Such an assurance from one so much respected, and for so long engaged in judging evidence, is of great value.

Of contributors who give their reasons several lay stress on the religious divisions outside the Church. Mostly it is of those in the Anglican communion that they speak, but the same difficulty presented itself in a form not so usual and yet very real to Mr. G. H. Patterson, formerly a Unitarian minister. On being entrusted for the first time with the care of a congregation, he found not only that his teaching flatly contradicted that of his predecessor, but that in consistency it was his duty to his people to tell them that they must, after all, think for themselves as to what was truth and what was error, "and this to a working-class congregation most of whom were beset with difficulties and temptations on every hand and many of whom were enduring the terrible hardships and privations of life." Thence he was led "to feel the miserable inadequacy of Unitarianism,

when brought to bear upon the evils of life—and to feel the absolute necessity of dogma," for how was it possible "to help poor struggling humanity in face of all the terrible problems of pain, sin, and death, without setting forth some objective truth."

Others were struck by the immense influence of the Catholic Church as a spiritual force in the world, as Mr. Watt, "formerly a Baptist preacher," who felt that whereas it was precisely this which the Dissenter craves for, the Catholic Church provides it in a way which Dissent does not; or, Sir Henry Bellingham, who, living as a Protestant gentleman among the Irish Catholic poor, "was struck by the little impression the educated Protestant classes made on their poorer brethren, and was very favourably impressed with the simple devotion and faith of these latter," a devotion and faith which he afterwards found to be characteristic of Catholics of all classes; or Miss Adeline Sergeant, who was strongly moved by the feeling that "it is safest in religion to believe like the Saints;" or Mrs. Scott Stokes.

In the case of others it was the very misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine which led to its acceptance, by suggesting in the spirit of fairness an inquiry into their true nature. Thus Father Bredin and Dr. Windle ascribe their conversion unhesitatingly, and Mr. J. G. Sutcliffe partially, to Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons*; Father Giles his first attraction to the Church to the reading of *Father Kennedy*.

These, however, are but the germs of the mental processes through which the writers were led into the Church, and most of them describe in more or less detail the reasonings which finally convinced them, reasonings drawn from one or other of the aspects in which Catholicism presents itself to the world.

Altogether the book is calculated to make an impression, not indeed upon the Gallios or on minds strongly prejudiced against Catholicism, for these will set all down to emotionalism, but to those quiet souls, be they few or many, who are searching and craving for the truth, and amidst the din of adverse voices are really anxious to know the true facts about converts to Catholicism.

3.—THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY.¹

There is something very attractive in the reconstruction of a vanished civilization. Though he calls himself "a labourer unskilled," Mr. Cunningham Graham has written in his *Vanished Arcadia* a book very useful to the student as well as to the general reader. Besides the histories of Muratori and Charlevoix, he has consulted Father Dobrizhoffer's History of the Appones, an equestrian people of Paraguay, translated into English in 1822, and Spanish contemporary writers. But his plan is limited. He has deliberately put on one side "the hard facts of history" to present to us the life-like picture of the Jesuit Thirty Towns. It is not the political aspect of the Jesuit commonwealth, but its social relations to the Indians that fill his pages.

The Paraguay, or *Gran Chaco* of the Jesuits, with its Thirty Towns was a huge country embracing together with the smaller Paraguay of to-day nearly all the territory that is now the Argentine Republic, part of the Republic of Uruguay, and a considerable tract of territory in the south of Brazil. A semi-communistic commonwealth, devoted to agriculture and estancia life, it stretched from Santa Maria la Mayor in Paraguay to San Miguel in Brazil, and from Jesus upon the Parana to Yapeyu on the Uruguay.

These South American territories, Arcadian once in their simplicity, were laid waste by the great Paraguayan war with Brazil of 1870. Four years later,

On every side the powerful vegetation had covered up the fields. On ruined church and broken tower the lianas climbed as if on trees, creeping up the belfries and throwing out great masses of scarlet and purple flowers out of the apertures where once were hung the bells. In the thick jungles a few half-wild cattle were still to be found. The vast *estancias*, where once the Jesuits branded two and three thousand calves a year and from whence thousands of mules went forth to Chile and Bolivia, were all neglected. Horses were scarce and poor, crops few and indifferent, and the plantations made by the Jesuits of the tree (*Ilex Paraguayensis*) from which is made the *yerba maté* were all destroyed.

The ruin seems the greater since the country of the thirty missions is an excellent country for cattle. Its open, rolling plains alternate with great marshes called *esteros*, which in

¹ *A Vanished Arcadia*. Being some account of the Jesuits in Paraguay. 1607 to 1767. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. London: William Heinemann, 1901.

spring and early summer afford pasturage for sheep. It has a delightful climate, and all its products are not yet explored. In this rich country the Jesuits, "the most tremendous wild fowl that the world has known," established a half-Arcadian, half-monastic civilization which was opposed to Spanish commercialism and greed, but incapable of lasting long. Nearly two centuries is a long term for a community to endure in which the majority of the citizens have no use for money. The Jesuits were expelled from Paraguay in 1767. Thirty years later the missions were deserted. But in 1874 there were still left "old men who spoke regretfully of Jesuit times, who cherished all the customs left by the Society, and though they spoke at second-hand, repeating but the stories they heard in youth, kept the illusion that the missions in the time of the Fathers had been a paradise." Such is the vitality of institutions.

Only three or four of the thirty Jesuit towns now remain. But time and war have left them but little changed. The typical Jesuit township was square in shape, having at one end the church and storehouses, and on three sides the dwellings of the Indians, formed of sun-dried bricks of red earth (*la terre rouge des missions*) or of wattled canes. These houses were of an enormous length. They often contained a hundred families, each with its own apartments, separated from the apartments of its neighbour by a *tabique* or lath and plaster wall. There was an open space in the middle of the town square carpeted with fine grass, kept short by sheep. The Jesuits' house stood by itself. Built round a square courtyard with a fountain in the centre, it formed only a portion of a sort of inner town surrounded by a wall in which a gate, closed by a porter's lodge, communicated with the outside world. For the church was situated within the wall, but with an entrance to the *plaza*, and within the wall, too, were the rooms of the inferior priest, a garden, a guest-chamber, stables and a storehouse, in which were kept the arms belonging to the town, corn, flour, wool, and provisions.

The life of this town community was partly agricultural, partly pastoral. Nor were trades neglected. Cotton was largely woven, as much as eight thousand five hundred yards of cloth being made in a single town in two or three months. In the Reductions there were tanners, carpenters, tailors, hat-makers, coopers, cordage-makers, boat builders, cartwrights, joiners, turners, and silversmiths. Many books were printed by the mission presses.

To combat the natural indolence of the Indians the Jesuits made use of music. The Guaranis of Paraguay speedily learned the use of European instruments from a Flemish Father, Juan Basco, who had been Maestro de Capella to the Archduke Albert. Before going to the fields the neophytes were marshalled to the sound of music, and as the procession wended its way past the shrines of saints they sang hymns. Gradually the Indians dropped off in groups to their field work and the priest and acolyte returned with the musicians to the town. They sang hymns again at mid-day before eating and at sun-down returned singing to their homes. The Rosary, too, was sung before supper.

As important as agriculture in the social scheme was the *estancia* or cattle-farm. These farms gave employment to numbers of Indians. At the date of the expulsion of the Jesuits, according to Brabo's inventories, they contained 719,761 cattle, 44,183 oxen, 27,204 horses, 138,827 sheep. The Indian community worked them in common, together with the agricultural lands and workshops, and were fed and maintained by their productions, under the direction of the Jesuits, who lived in each town, a special portion, *tupiu ambal*, being set apart for the maintenance of orphans and widows. The cattle and horses were also used in common. Remissness in work was punished by loss of rations, which were given out once a week. Each family planted vegetables both in their gardens and in the common fields, and those not actually consumed were dealt out to the workers in the common workshops. Food cost very little, and *maté*, the great luxury of the Indians, was manufactured in the *yerbales*.

Though the Jesuit polity may be called communistic, a limited sort of private property existed in the settlements. Certain of the Indians owned their own horses and cows, and the gardens in which they worked, but they were obliged to part with the products to the Fathers for the common good, receiving in exchange knives, scissors, cloths, and looking-glasses. Clothes were served out to all the Indians. The men wore shirts, trousers, coarse ponchas, and straw hats or caps; the women the national *tipoi*, a long sleeveless shift of rough cotton cloth with coarse embroidery round the shoulders. Their ornaments consisted of glass beads, and rosaries of brass or silver, with silver rings and necklaces of glass or horn, from which hung crucifixes.

For defence each mission had to police its home affairs. Its *corregidores*, *alcaldes*, *regidores*, *alguaciles*, were chosen by the Jesuits. For exterior defence there was a militia in which the *caciques*, or chiefs of the different Indian tribes, held the chief command. They were armed with bows and guns, and carried *bolas* (three stones united with strips of hide), lassos, and long lances. The infantry were equipped with lances, but trusted mostly to slings, in the use of which they were very expert.

A curious barter system was established by the Fathers between the towns, cattle being exchanged for cotton, sugar for rice, and wheat for pig-iron or tools from Europe. But the Indians had money transactions with the outer world. They exported to Buenos Ayres *yerba maté*, hard woods from their forests, cotton and linen cloth, tobacco and hides, and the celebrated honey of the missions. The money arising from the exports was sent to the Superior of the Mission, who decided how it should be expended.

The official capital of the Jesuit Missions was La Candelaria, a town on the eastern bank of the Parana. From this Reduction, now in ruins, roads, most of them fit for carts, branched off to every part of the territory. In the district of the Upper Paraguay and Parana the Indians had, in addition, a large fleet of boats and canoes for carrying the exports of the country. In each of the thirty missions there were two Jesuits, the elder wielding the civil power and responsible to the Superior, the younger, *el companero*, with the full charge of spiritual matters. While in appearance the internal government of the towns was democratic, most of the officials were named by the priests.

How the Jesuit Fathers lived every day in their towns is preserved for us in an interesting letter of the Indian, Nicholas Neenguiru, of which there is a translation in the National Spanish Archives in Simancas.

The manner of living of the Father is to shut all the doors and remain alone with his servant and his cook (who are Indians of a considerable age) and these only wait on him; but by day only, and at twelve o'clock they go out, and an old man has care of the porter's lodge, and it is he who shuts the gate when the Father is asleep or when he goes out to see his cultivated ground, and even then they go alone, except it be with an old Indian, who guides them and attends to the (Father's) horse; and after that he goes to Mass and in the evening to the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, calling us together by the sound of the bell, and before that he calls the boys and girls with a

small bell, and after that the good Father begins to teach them doctrine, and how to cross themselves. In the same way, on every feast-day, he preaches to us the Word of God, in the same way the holy Sacraments of Penance and Communion; in these things does the good Father employ himself, and every night the porter's lodge is closed, and the key taken to the Father's room, which is only opened in the morning in order that the sacristan and the cook may enter. . . . The Fathers every morning say Mass for us, and after Mass they go to their rooms, and then they take some hot water and *yerba maté*, and nothing more. After that he comes to the door of his apartment, and there all those who heard Mass come to kiss his hand, and after that he goes out to see if the Indians are diligent at their tasks, and afterwards he goes to his room to read the Divine Office in his book, and to pray that God may prosper him in all his affairs. At eleven o'clock he goes to eat a little, not to eat much, for he only has five dishes, and only drinks wine once, not filling a little glass; and spirits he never drinks, and there is no wine in our town except that which is brought from Candelaria, according to that which the Superior sends, and they bring it from somewhere near Buenos Aires. . . . After he has finished eating, to rest a little he goes into the church, and while he is resting those who work in the Father's house go out, and those who do any kind of indoor work and the cook: all these go out, and as long as the bell does not ring the doors are shut, and only an old man guards the gate, and when they ring the bell again he opens the doors so that those who work indoors may go inside, and the Father takes his breviary and goes elsewhere. In the evening they ring the bell so that the children may come home, and the Father comes in to teach them Christian doctrine.

More eventful than the lives of the Fathers in settled towns were the labours of the Jesuits in the *Chaco*, the great swamp that lies on the western bank of the Paraguay. In this desolate region, where to-day there are "no roads, no paths, no landmarks," but here and there a clearing where some struggling settlement has been founded, or the ruined walls of a mission-house, the Jesuits established seven Reductions at the imminent peril of their lives. The Chronicles of the Fathers of the Chaco Missions are full of sufferings and "obscure martyrdoms by an arrow or a club." This large tract of territory was quite uncultivated, but capable of maintaining cattle. In the swamp the Jesuits built their houses of wood. The Fathers' house was stockaded and without doors. It contained but five or six rough rooms, with beds of unvarnished wood. Books were a great rarity. The Jesuits were constantly menaced by barbarous tribes, but they continued their work

of civilization till the order for their expulsion was sent to Bucareli, Governor of Buenos Ayres. In 1767, it was put in force in Paraguay, but the system established by them was left unchanged.

Bucareli's Constitution given to the Thirty Towns, in 1771, was entirely on Jesuit lines. It formally reorganized their semi-communistic polity. The Jesuits had made a free people and given it the idea of property. Their supplanters tried to enslave the Indians. Confusion soon reigned "as in a Tower of Babel." Within the space of two years the vast *estancias* of the Jesuits became bare plains, the towns were half deserted, the plantations of the *Ilex Paraguayensis* quite decayed. It took less than thirty years to almost exterminate the Indians. "The system which for two hundred years was able to hold together wandering Indian tribes, restless as Arabs, suspicious above every other race of men, to-day has disappeared, leaving nothing of a like nature in all the world."

4.—ANDREA MANTEGNA.¹

This is at once a beautiful and a valuable book. The writer, translator, and publisher have done their best to add new laurels to the crown of a great master, who has been somewhat less popular than he should have been. In this we may hope that they will be successful. Mantegna, great as he has always been considered, has suffered in reputation by his mannerisms, which though slight, have prevented the grandeur of his work from being fully appreciated. But when once his individuality is understood, his mannerisms, which are the consequences of his character and training, instead of disturbing the judgment of the observer, are found to deepen the charm which the master-mind exercises on those who endeavour to enter into it.

Herr Kristeller endeavours to give us a book which will equally suit the study of the connoisseur, and the table of the omnivorous lover of art. The letter-press is not mere froth, which without pictures would be absolutely valueless. It is a full, minute, and very readable history of the great painter, his school and methods, his rivals and patrons. It answers a

¹ *Andrea Mantegna*. By Paul Kristeller; English Edition by S. A. Strong, M.A. With 25 plates and 162 illustrations. London: Longmans, 1901. xxii. and 511 pp. folio. 70s.

thousand questions which rise to the mind as we study Mantegna's pictures. The scholarship is of a high level, the translation is very commendable, and though the writer, after the fashion of his nation, cannot help dogmatizing a little now and again, yet he is never aggressive, and never unreasonable. He breaks down the already discredited tradition of Mantegna having been the pupil of Squarcione in a way that will convince all serious scholars. He then follows the artist through his brilliant and successful career down to his death, "under gloomy circumstances," in 1506. As a historian our author is in the main conservative. His presentation of Mantegna as a severe student of classical models, an academician and an antiquarian, will be readily received by previous students of his life. They will find here a number of noteworthy letters, quotations, and facts of all sorts, which make up a biography interesting for its own sake, as well as for the incidental notices of the many remarkable persons who appear in it. A leader of thought cannot be appreciated apart from the men of his day, who act upon him, not less than he upon them.

But the feature which is most likely to attract the reader's eye, is the large number of pictures up and down the volume. They will introduce him to the artist's real work, and if he care to study under Herr Kristeller's guidance the masterpieces open to his inspection in our public and private galleries, or to revise his previously formed judgments on Mantegna by taking into account the new materials here published, then he will experience that genuine delight which comes by making true progress in the knowledge of a noble art.

An hour or so in the South Kensington Museum looking at the facsimile of the "Studio of Isabella d'Este," and at other works of the "quattrocento" artists, will not fail to be thrice as interesting to one who has read the chapter on that subject. The pleasure of inspecting the Mantegna Madonna in the National Gallery (what a pity that the smudge under the left eye cannot be removed!) will in like manner be enormously enhanced for those who will attend to the careful appreciation of its composition and its details, given on pages 320 to 322. We regret not to find, even in the Preface, some notice of the alleged recent discovery of a new Mantegna.

This is a book to linger on and to think over. The writer, if not a master to be implicitly accepted, is a teacher with much to say that is excellent, and his work has a deeper charm than can be expressed in a few paragraphs.

5.—BISHOP MORIARTY'S SERMONS.¹

Seventeen years ago some of the late Bishop Moriarty's Synodal Allocutions and Pastoral Letters were collected and published by his former Vicar General, Father Coffey. It is the same editor, now Bishop of Ardfert, who brings out a further and larger collection of addresses, this time of a more general character: one volume, the second, containing a series of sermons on the Feasts and Sundays of the Christian year, the other containing sermons preached on special occasions, as the consecration of churches and cathedrals, the panegyrics of saints, or the Month's Minds of notable ecclesiastics or nuns. The earlier collection was dedicated to Cardinal Newman, who in accepting it spoke of Bishop Moriarty as "a rare friend, one in ten thousand." Such a testimony will naturally attract readers to the present, as well as the previous publication, nor will they be disappointed. They are not indeed sermons of the first order, nor is it easy to cull from them extracts one would wish to keep. But they are the outpourings of the heart of a good man, deeply convinced, and zealous for the discharge of his high office. They are full of solid instruction and written in a style which, if given to be over-florid, can be pleasing and persuasive, and occasionally rises to eloquence.

¹ *Sermons.* By the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, late Bishop of Kerry. Edited by the Most Rev. Dr. Coffey, Bishop of Ardfert and Aghadoe. Two vols. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

HIS Lordship the Bishop of Southwark concludes his Preface to *A Hundred Readings, intended chiefly for the Sick*, with the following words: "We welcome these *Readings* as a most valuable addition to our English literature of devotion; and we pray that God may bless all who use them, and above all the weak and tired, who in spite of weakness, strive to love God with all their strength." A very cursory glance at these pages convinces us that the writer is possessed of the secret of the Good Samaritan, and that the spiritual wine and oil to be found herein will bring consolation and strength to many a soul who through weary days and sleepless nights is striving to learn the lesson (so hard to realize), that "sickness is no less a gift of God than health."

As to the *Life of St. Charles Borromeo*, by M. S. B. Malins (which appears most opportunely in time for his feast so close at hand), we can only say that it brings out most clearly the *pastoralis sollicitudo* (care for his sheep) which was the characteristic of this holy prelate.

From the sainted Churchman we pass to him who

was king and clerk.

He was the wiseste mon
That was in Engelonde on.

(Proverbs of Alfred, a compilation of the thirteenth century.)

In her *Alfred the Great*, the Honourable Mrs. Maxwell-Scott briefly tells the well-known story. Especially graphic is the summary (p. 16, quoted from Sir Walter Besant) of the difficulties with which Alfred had to contend during his thirty years' wars with the Danes; and we must remember in addition that "he very early began to suffer from mysterious and painful maladies, which continued all his life." (p. 9.) As to the "cakes" story, the writer pleads with Mr. Draper, that "old and popular, it

may long remain in our history books." She also upholds the theory that the "Alfred Jewel may well have been the handle for a kind of book-marker." (p. 25.)

Bishop Talbot (1726—1790), by the Rev. Edwin H. Burton. The work of Bishop Talbot, the founder of the College of Old Hall Green, will always be better known than his life, which was passed in the obscurity in which all priests had to live in those days, when the fires of persecution were not yet extinguished. Nevertheless, Father Burton has put together a very striking biography, in which the reader will see with what reason "good Bishop Talbot" may be considered as "the last of the confessors." Under the description, "Nuns from Munich," many readers may fail to recognize the "English Ladies," or "Institute of Mary," that still flourishing English foundation, which has in the past deserved so well of our English Church.

The substance of *The Secret Instructions (Monita Secreta) of the Jesuits*, by Father John Gerard, S.J., has already appeared in the pages of THE MONTH. Still it is well to be again reminded that even virulent anti-Jesuits have acknowledged the *Monita Secreta* to be an "ingenious forgery" (Dr. Littledale), "a manifest and fraudulent squib" (von Lang), "spurious and a lampoon on the Order" (Huber agreeing with Gieseler and Döllinger).

Before saying a word on *Church History and the Critical Spirit* (a paper read by Dr. Hartmann Grisar, S.J., at the Scientific Congress at Munich, September, 1900), we must quote a few lines from the Prefatory Note. "In giving his sanction for the appearance of an English version of the following discourse, . . . Father Grisar desires it to be known that the original is not, and does not profess to be, a strictly accurate report of his address. . . . Hence, although Father Grisar accepts the report as accurate in substance, he must not be held responsible for the wording of details." The Jesuit professor specifically demurs to what he is made to say on the "well-known story of St. Gregory and the Emperor Trajan," and about the Holy House of Loreto. Bearing this in mind, the inquiring Catholic, who may think that *pia credulitas* (the simple wish to believe) is occasionally ridden to death, will find in this essay much instruction, and safe principles of guidance on such subjects as spurious relics, mediæval legends, certain lessons of the Breviary, the Roman Martyrology, and kindred subjects.

In *A letter to a Christian Lady on the liberty of the Children of God* (Translated by G.T.) we are treated to a discourse showing how averse the Church is to multiplying definitions of faith. Much is also excellently said in relation to "Anti-Semitism" and the polemical tactics of *La Croix*—two burning questions in England as regards our neighbours across the Channel.

The scope of *Religion a Divine Institution*, by the Rev. Stephen Eyre Jarvis, is best shown by the summing up on page 18, whereby we see that the Catholic Church alone claims, and alone among all other religions exercises, divine authority.

Our present packet contains two little books on Confession by Mother M. Loyola. The smaller of the two, *A First Confession Book for the Little Ones* (20 pp.), sufficiently explains itself by its title. The larger, *A Simple Confession Book* (44 pp.) contains all that is in the smaller, and has, in addition, a form of examination of conscience suited to those who are older, together with various motives for contrition. All the work of this experienced Religious is excellent, but what we especially admire is the way she insists on sorrow, and the *right kind* of sorrow for sin.

Gregorian Mass for Solemn Feasts. The full title of this the first issue of the C.T.S. *Church Music Series*, runs as follows: "Gregorian Mass for Solemn Feasts (Missa in Festis Solemnibus), with Pange Lingua and Litany of the Saints for Forty Hours' Adoration, in Staff and Sol-Fa notation. Specially suitable for schools and confraternity church choirs. Edited by a Catholic priest." All this, excellently printed, is sold for the modest sum of one penny. The charm of Gregorian music lies in its being sung together by a large body of voices, trained to interpret the music similarly. A large supply of music, such as that now before us, will conduce powerfully to attaining this end.

All these pamphlets are published by the Catholic Truth Society.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1901. 4.)

Moral Theology and the discussion of the Sexual Relations.

J. Franz. The Sacramental Rite in the conferring of Priest's Orders. *C. Gutberlet.* The Modern Detractors of our Blessed Lady. *L. Fonck.* Reviews, *Analekten*, &c.

ANALECTA BOLLANDIANA. (1901. 3.)

A Final Word on the Martyrologium of St. Jerome. *Mgr. L. Duchesne.* The Greek Text of the Encomium of S. Theodore Siccotes. *C. Kirch, S.J.* The Life and Writings of B. Albertus Magnus. *P. von Loë, O.P.* Repertorium Hymnologicum. *U. Chevalier.* Hagio-graphica, &c.

STUDIEN UND MITTHEILUNGEN. (1901. 3.)

The Words of the Messiah in the Psalms. *Dom. T. Tiefenthal.* Quid mihi et tibi est Mulier? *Dom G. Heigl.* St. Peter Orseolo, Doge of Venice. *Dom B. Schmid.* Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1901. 4.)

The Athanasian Creed and its First Witness, St. Cesarius of Arles. *Dom G. Morin.* The General Chapters of the Benedictine Order. *Dom U. Berlière.* The Chronology of the Earliest Episcopal Lists of Rome. *Dom P. Chapman.* Reviews, &c.

LES ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (October 5 and 20.)

The Public Life of Cardinal Dubois. *P. Bliard.* George Sand. *E. Longhay.* The English Oath of Allegiance (1606—1607). *J. de la Servière.* House to Let. *H. Bremond.* The Duty of the Hour. *A. Randu.* The Idea of the Supernatural. *J. Bainvel.* The Fall of the Empire. *H. Chérot.* Reviews, &c.

RAZON Y FE. (October.)

Philosophy and Sacred Science. *J. Urraburu.* Apologetics in the Nineteenth Century. *L. Murillo.* Two Fanaticisms. *V. Minteguiaga.* The Argentine Republic. *P. Hernandez.* St. James of Compostella. *F. Fita.* Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (October.)

Liturgical Aspects of the Veneration of St. Martin at Mainz. *The Pæna Sensus. C. Gutberlet.* The Crypt of St. Peter's. *C. M. Kauffmann.* Ludolph Naaman, a sixteenth century Friar. *N. Paulus.* The Primacy of St. Peter. *C. A. Kneller, S. J.* Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (October.)

Charles Chesnelong. *M. de Marcy.* The Ambulance during the Siege of Pekin. *Floridy.* Liberty and the Crisis. *Abbé Delfour.* Symbolism. *H. Morice.* Recent Works on Scripture. *E. Jacquier.* Reviews, &c.

THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. (October.)

Leonis XIII., Flosculi. English version. *H. T. Henry.* Death of Mgr. de la Rochefoucauld. *J. G. Daley.* The Cathedral of Armagh. *J. Dolan.* Missions to non-Catholics. *W. Starey.* Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (October.)

The Parliamentary Crisis in Belgium. *C. Woeste.* The Beginning of War in the East. *G. Bapst.* Forgotten Spain. *J. Mélot.* Albert Nyssens. *C. Dejace.* Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (October 19.)

The Religious Orders and the Persecution of to-day. Rome and Byzantium in the History of Christian Architecture. The Social Question and Christian Democracy. The use of churches and the circular of the Minister Cocco-Ortu. France before the world. Books on the Life of Christ. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (October 21.)

Agricultural Commonwealth and Manufacturing Commonwealth. *H. Pesch.* The Treasuries of Merovingian Kings and Churches. *S. Beissel.* The Apostolate and the Building up of the Church. *R. von Nostitz-Rieneck.* The newest development of Cellular-Construction. *E. Wasmann.* Church Music. *T. Schmid.* Reviews, &c.

